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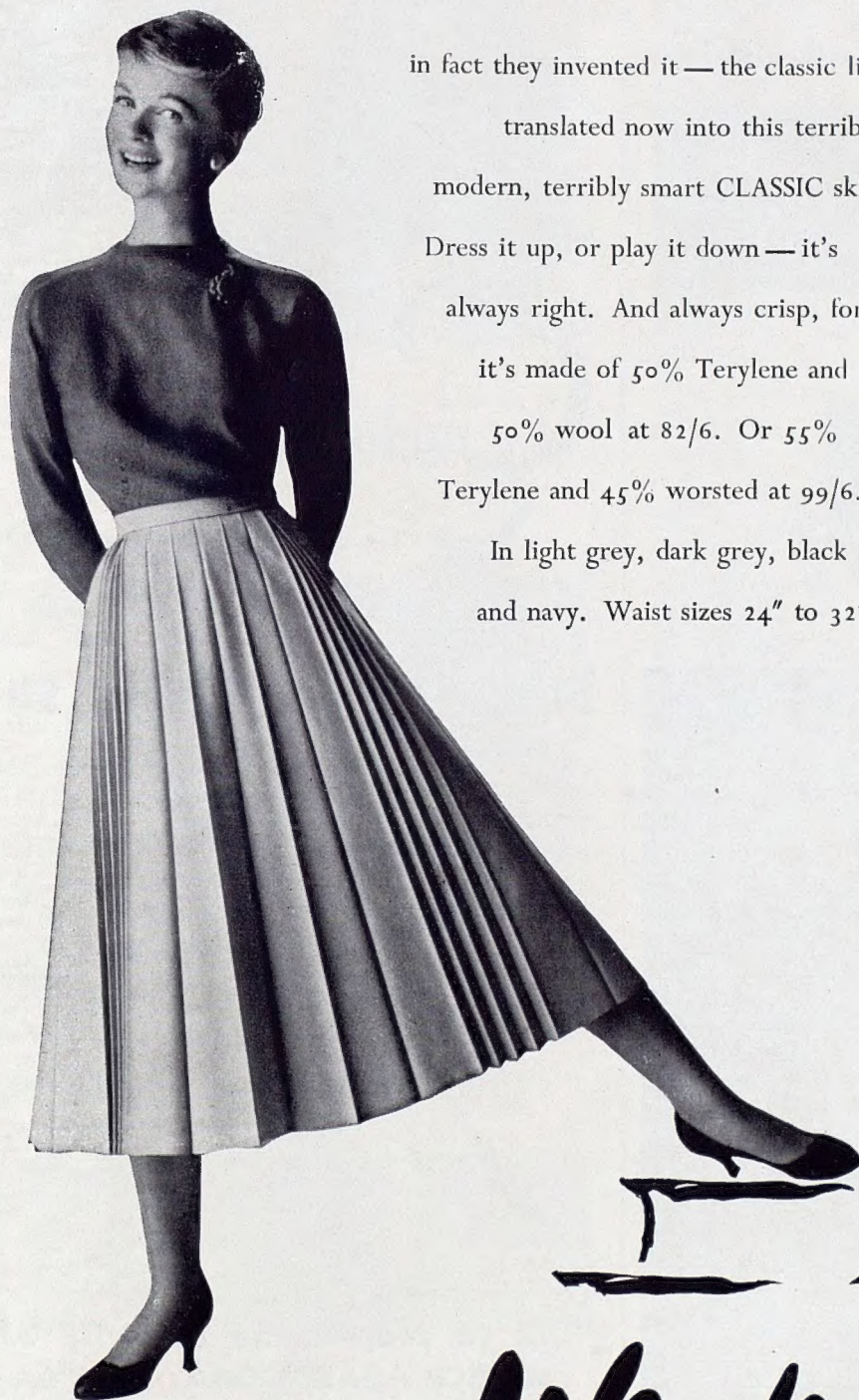
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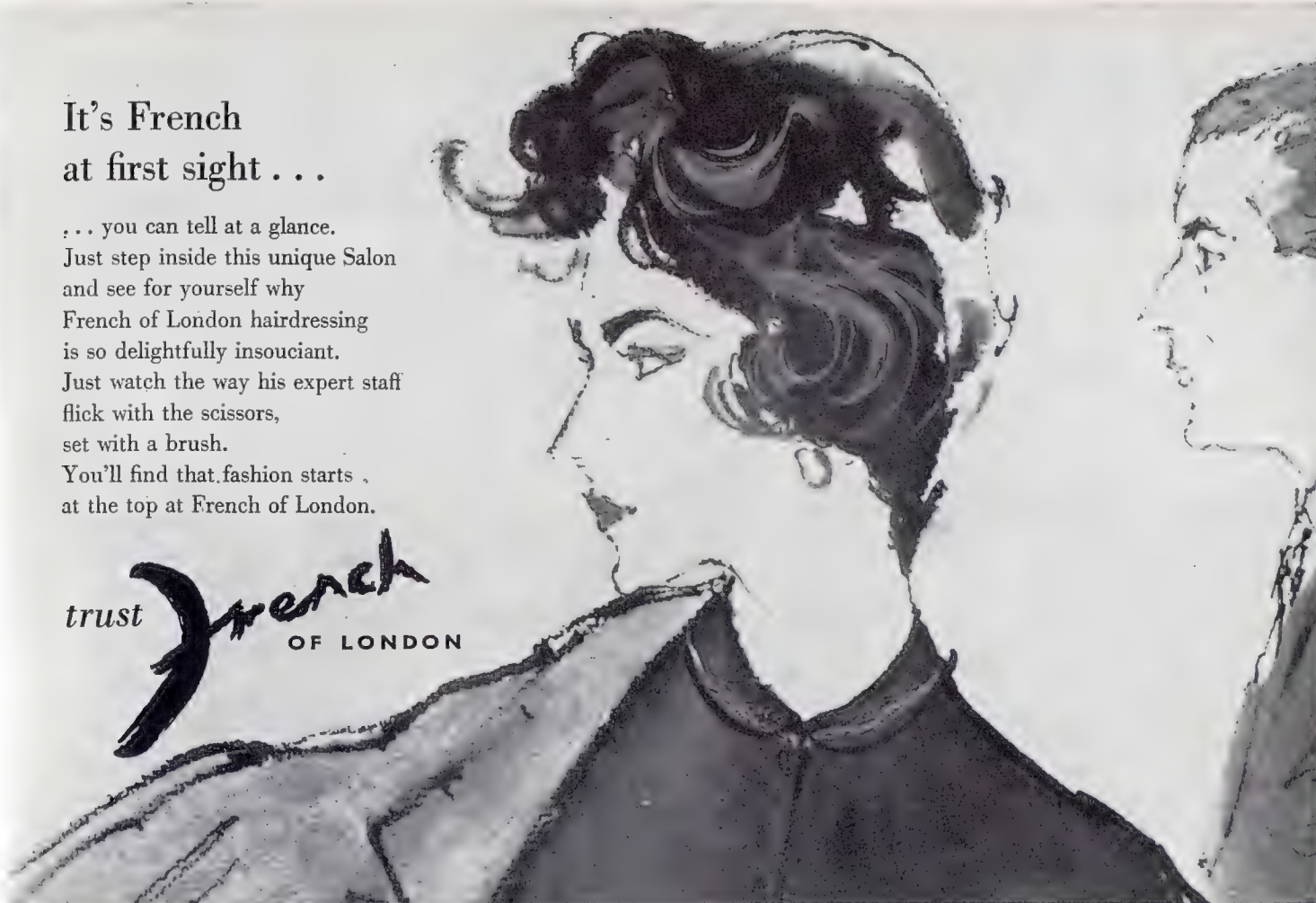
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 26 to November 2



LADY EDEN, as wife of the Prime Minister, has a responsibility comparable with his in the conduct of the social and domestic side of his great position. She brings to it a deep charm and essential dignity which Cecil Beaton, for a generation our most skilled interpreter of feminine character through the camera, so well expresses in this week's cover portrait

Oct. 26 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opens Reading Technical College.

Barbecue Ball at Grosvenor House.

Bachelors' Ball at Hyde Park Hotel.

The Cambridgeshire run at Newmarket.

First night of *The Queen and the Rebels* at the Haymarket Theatre, with Irene Worth; and of *The Short Spring* at the New Lindsey Theatre.

Oct. 27 (Thurs.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend a Gala Performance at the Royal Opera House of Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* conducted by Rafael Kubelik, in honour of the President of Portugal, Gen. Craveiro Lopes, and Mme. Craveiro Lopes.

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, attends a dinner in connection with the Crosby Hall Endowment Fund at the Savoy Hotel.

Oct. 28 (Fri.) Steeplechasing at Newcastle (two days) and Worcester (two days)

Oct. 29 (Sat.) Princess Alexandra opens the new Naafi Club at Salisbury.

Racing at Pontefract.

Steeplechasing at Bangor-on-Dee.

Oct. 30 (Sun.)

Oct. 31 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Royal Film Performance of *To Catch a Thief*, with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.

Covered Courts Open Tournament at Palace Hotel, Torquay (to November 5).

Racing at Birmingham (two days).

Nov. 1 (Tues.) Prince Philip visits the main signal-box and workshops of British Railways at York, and lunches with the Lord Mayor of York at the Mansion House. In the afternoon, as President of the Royal Air Force Association, he unveils a Thanksgiving Memorial in York Minster.

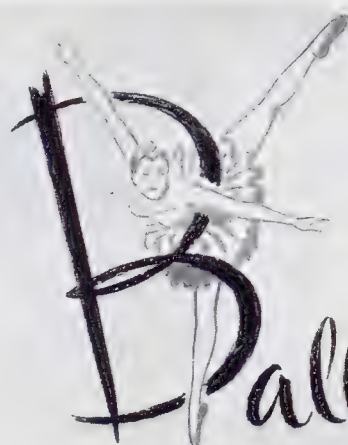
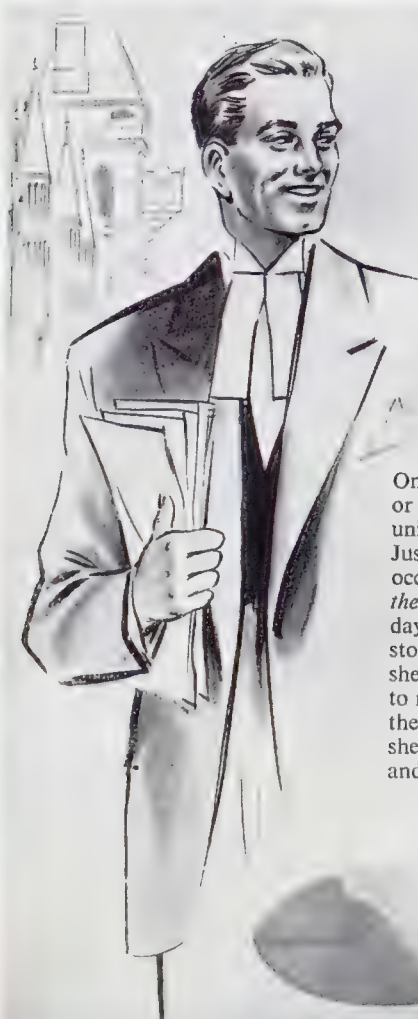
The Pilgrims dinner at Savoy Hotel.

Nov. 2 (Wed.) Princess Margaret attends a Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication at St. Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of Dr Barnardo.

H.R.H. Princess Alice attends the Halloween Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association at the Dorchester Hotel.

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Betty Swaeb

Engagement on her twenty-first birthday

MISS PENELOPE ANN PHILLIPS, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Rodney Allan Russell, son of the late Mr. C. R. Russell and of Mrs. Russell, of Roselea, Lingfield, Surrey, is the daughter of the late Mr. J. A. Phillips, and of Mrs. M. Henry, of Norfolk Square, Brighton. They are to be married in March at Beaconsfield, and the reception will afterwards be given at the house of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Taylor, at Wooburn Green in Buckinghamshire

A DAUGHTER FOR THE COUNTESS OF ERROLL

LORD HAY, aged seven, and heir to the earldom of Erroll, holds his three months old sister, who has not yet been christened, together with the Hon. Peregrine Moncreiffe, children of the Countess of Erroll and Captain Iain Moncreiffe, of Easter Moncreiffe, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire



Social Journal

Jennifer

SPANISH EMBASSY RECEPTION

H.E. THE DUQUE DE PRIMO DE RIVERA, the Spanish Ambassador, annually gives a most enjoyable and very big reception at his Embassy, to celebrate the discovery of the continent of America by Columbus. I arrived at this year's party rather late after a much delayed flight from Paris, but there were still several hundred guests in the fine reception rooms, some greeting and some saying goodbye to their charming host. The company included members of both Houses of Parliament, the Diplomatic Corps and the Foreign Office, and friends of Spain in London.

A most charming and interesting personality I met was Señora Cecilia Remon, the tall good-looking Counsellor and Chargé d'Affaires at the Panamanian Embassy, who is at the moment, in the absence of the Ambassador abroad, in charge of the Embassy. She was having a long talk to the Portuguese Ambassador, who had been busy getting everything ready at their new Embassy in Belgrave Square for the visit of his President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes. Mme. Mendoza, looking lovely in a white

corded silk dress, was talking to Mr. Peter Coats, and greeted Viscountess Ednam as she came into the room escorted by Mr. David Metcalfe. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft told me how much she and her husband, the President of the Board of Trade, had enjoyed their visit to Copenhagen for the British Trade Exhibition.

THE retiring Argentine Ambassador was there, also the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the former deep in conversation with Sir Gerald Kelly, the Afghan Ambassador talking to Mrs. Marie-Luise Arnold, while nearby were Lady George Scott, the Saudi Arabian Ambassador and his wife who wore a grey mink stole on her black dress, and Lady Petrie, the very able and hard working Mayor of Kensington. Others present included Mme. Hägglöf and Col. and Mrs. Jackie Ward. The latter is busy helping Lady Victoria Scott with arrangements for the Givenchy dress show and dinner-dance at the Dorchester on November 14, which H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

I also saw Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. and Mrs.

Everard Gates, Princess Djorsjadze, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

Pictures of the reception will be found on pages 238-9.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who were also at the Spanish reception, had a few friends in to cocktails at their lovely house in Hill Street the following evening. This was a small farewell party, as the Millers were off to spend the winter at their home in New York two nights later. Among the friends who came to say goodbye whom I saw during the brief time I was there were their neighbours Sir John and Lady Marriott, the latter talking to Mr. John Foster, Q.C. Also Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Burst, Mrs. Margaret Dunne, Mr. Edward Behn and his lovely wife, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

★ ★ ★

FROM here I went on to the opening night of the new American musical, *The Pajama Game*, at the Coliseum, which had a tremendous reception. Some of the best tunes

to cross the Atlantic for many months occur in this very bright show. In the crowded audience I saw the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the Duchess of Argyll escorted by Mr. Henry Tiarks, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn wearing a white fox stole with her red evening dress, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Miss Sharman Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, the latter very lovely in a white and gold lace evening dress.

★ ★ ★

THE Hagues, like several others in the audience, went on later to supper at the Four Hundred which was packed and very gay. Rossi was performing miracles, fitting more and more tables in to accommodate all the members, and at the same time quietly ensuring that everyone had a delicious supper. The Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon were dancing, also Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Granville escorting pretty Lady Anne Coke, Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey, Mr. Billy Wallace escorting Miss Sharman Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams with a party, and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh with his wife, who has just finished a most successful horse racing season, having won a great number of prizes with her hacks.

While talking of horse shows, in our issue of October 12, we put in a caption under a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Oliver at Arringay, saying that Mrs. Oliver was formerly Miss Renée de Rothschild, whereas she was before her marriage Miss Jean Whewell. Miss Renée de Rothschild married Mr. Peter Hobson who, like Mr. Oliver, is one of our most brilliant young riders in the show jumping world. Our sincerest apologies to both ladies for any annoyance this may have caused them.

★ ★ ★

THE Jubilee dinner and dance of the Association of Lancastrians in London, held at the Dorchester Hotel, was a truly enjoyable affair. There were brief and amusing speeches after a delightful dinner, which was preceded by a grace delivered by the Rev. Cyril Crosswell, chaplain to the Association. Later on guests danced to a good band or talked to other friends at tables around the ballroom.

The Earl of Scarbrough, the Lord Chamberlain, who was accompanied by the Countess of Scarbrough, was the guest of honour. His speech, which came last on the list, ended on a very merry note with an amusing story which made everyone laugh.

Lord Hacking, President of the Association, received the guests with Lady Hacking who looked lovely in black lace and carried a bouquet of red roses. He presided at dinner with charm and efficiency. In his speech Lord Hacking spoke of the very high standard of education in Lancashire, in one instance quoting figures showing the success of students from the Manchester Grammar School. The Earl of Derby, a keen Lancastrian who is much



Van Hallan

THE CHALLONER CLUB celebrated its sixth anniversary with a ball at the Dorchester. Above, the vice-chairman, Mrs. James Allason (right), cuts the anniversary cake helped by Lady (Charles) Russell

beloved in the county where he devotes a great deal of time to public work, motored up from Wiltshire for the dinner, and also made a good speech, in which he referred to the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Lancashire.

OTHERS present included Viscount Woolton who proposed "Our Guests," with Viscountess Woolton, Margery Lady Hacking whose late husband was also President of the Association, Lord Justice Singleton, the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Ormerod, Viscountess Hewart, Sir Brunel and Lady Cohen, Col. T. E. St. Johnston the Chief Constable of Lancashire, a very live personality, and Mrs. St. Johnston very chic in a white evening dress, Sir Geoffrey Hutchinson, the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Sellers and Mr. Jack Hylton. The latter arranged the wonderful Royal Variety Performance at the Blackpool Opera House during the Royal visit, and after dinner Lord Hacking presented him with a fine silver cigarette box inscribed "With appreciation from the people of Lancashire." Miss Joan Whitehead, who was chosen beauty queen of the county this year and was looking very pretty in white, was present, also Sir Alfred and Lady Wood, Sir Cullum and Lady Welch, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nuttall, Sir Alexander Maxwell, Mr. W. F. Hodson and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Price.

★ ★ ★

A FEW days in Paris, especially in spring or autumn sunshine, is a splendid tonic for any woman. When I was over there recently for a long weekend, the city was bathed in sunshine and very full of people, with the Motor Show still on. The highlight here was undoubtedly the new Citroën, very different from the old model, with a modern American

line body and plenty of leg and luggage room. One felt very proud of British workmanship when one came to the Rolls-Royce and Bentley stand. Here were six beautiful models including one of the Bentleys fitted with the Harold Radford "Countryman" adaptations which I noticed caused great interest.

I just had time to see two of the winter collections. Firstly Christian Dior's, which as always includes some really lovely day and evening dresses. The following day I went to Pierre Balmain's salon where I saw some of the prettiest and most wearable clothes in Paris. When currency regulations are easier this is one of the houses where the chic British woman will undoubtedly get some of her wardrobe.

On the Sunday morning I went to the British Embassy Church, which was beautifully decorated for the harvest festival. Rosy apples were arranged right round the pulpit, and red and yellow pimentos, grapes and figs around the lectern, while long, thin loaves of French bread were laid on the altar. The Chaplain, the Rt. Rev. G. A. Chambers, preached a good sermon to a very full church. The British Ambassador and Lady Jebb, a most popular couple in Paris, were away in the country for the weekend, but many members of the British Embassy staff were present, also members of the British colony in Paris, and I noticed numerous young friends who are completing their education in Paris at some of the leading finishing schools. Among these were girls from Mme. Harel-Darc's lovely home in rue Borghèse, Mme. Verlet's in boulevard Berthier and from Mme. Fleury's in rue de l'Université.

DURING my stay I went to have cocktails one evening with the Hon. Robin Johnstone, Lord and Lady Derwent's son and heir, who is working at the British Embassy and has a charming flat on rue de Lille.

Before racing at Longchamp, about which I wrote last week, we lunched at Fouquet's in the Champs-Élysées where the food is excellent. I dined with friends *chez* Drouant in place Gaillon where they specialize in fish. The sole dish they suggested that evening was certainly perfection. Another day I lunched at Chomette where the food is superb. One seldom sees a British or American visitor at this quiet little restaurant, which is always packed with French clients who know about good food.

That evening I dined at Contis on rue Lauriston, where they specialize in Italian food which was quite excellent, and immediately afterwards I left Paris to fly home—a journey hampered by fog, but made a nightmare by lack of organization and inefficiency, which I hope never to have to repeat.

★ ★ ★

THE Cuban Ambassador and Mme. González de Mendoza recently gave a luncheon party in honour of the Italian conductor, Mr. Massimo Freccia, and his

[Continued overleaf]

Lt.-Col. G. E. Davison, O.B.E., Miss B. Doyle, Miss Mollie Neame and Mr. Edward Neame were others at the Challoner Club ball

Lady Mander, Mrs. Allason, Dr. Carlos A. Suazo, the Honduras Chargé d'Affaires, and Mme. Suazo

Mr. Michael Peachey, Mr. James Grainger, Mr. John Murray, Miss Mary Renouf, Miss Eileen Nottage and Miss Cynthia Millington



Continuing The Social Journal

Guests came to meet
a famous conductor

charming Cuban-born wife. Among the guests to meet them were the Peruvian Ambassador and his lovely wife, Mme. Schreiber, who were off to Italy for a short visit at the end of this month, Rose Marchioness of Headfort and Earl Beatty, whose wife was in America on a short visit.

Also at luncheon were the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, the Rt. Hon. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Chief Government Whip, and Mrs. Buchan-Hepburn, both looking very fit after their quiet holiday in Algieras, and Sir Harry Brittain. The latter was just off to Australia, flying via the Arctic Circle, for the big Commonwealth Press Conference. He plans to spend Christmas in New Zealand with his only brother, who lives out there, and to sail for home at the end of the year.

The guest of honour, Mr. Massimo Freccia, who is considered one of the finest conductors in the world today, is fast becoming as well known in this country as he is in America, where he is music director and conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and has a charming home and farm near Baltimore. He was over in England to conduct our Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in two concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, and returns to London in April for several more concerts.

At the opening concert of the Vienna Festival last summer, Mr. Freccia conducted brilliantly, and is going back to Vienna to conduct at the Festival there next June. Although he makes his home now in America he was born in Florence where he trained at the Conservatory Luigi Cherubini. He has conducted extensively in Italy and also in Budapest and Paris.

Since the Cuban Ambassador bought a permanent residence in Hyde Park Street, Mme. Mendoza, one of the most beautiful wives in the Diplomatic Corps, has been busy with the décor and furnishing, and has had the help of the Hon. John Siddeley.

Although the house is not yet finished it is already a home with great personal charm. Everywhere one can see how much time and trouble Mme. Mendoza, who has great taste, has spent on getting the right pieces of old furniture, and how carefully she has considered every small detail.

THE opening of the opera season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was quite a brilliant evening. A large number of the audience in the stalls, the circle and boxes were in evening, or semi-evening dress, and the opera on the stage was of the highest standard. The new production, of Verdi's *Otello* sung in Italian was chosen. It was conducted extremely well by Rafael Kubelik who, making his début at Covent Garden as musical director, received a tremendous ovation from the big audience at the end of the evening.

The costumes and scenery, which were superb, had been designed by Wakhevitch, and the producer was Peter Potter, who has joined the staff of the Covent Garden Opera as assistant to the resident producer Christopher West. It was certainly an evening of great triumph for him, too. Gré Brouwenstijn, who has such a lovely voice and looks so attractive, sang Desdemona, while Ramon Vinay, who has sung in Italian in Italy for some years, was a fine Otello, and Otakar Kraus sang Iago.

MR. "RAB" BUTLER, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, looking very pensive, was watching the performance from the Royal Box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, whose other guests included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey. On the other side of the theatre the new German Ambassador, Herr von Herwarth was enjoying his first visit to our Royal Opera House. He was in a box with the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, who wore a very chic little blue velvet evening cap with her black dress, and pretty Mrs. Edward Behn who like Mme. Hägglöf, is an Italian by birth.

The Earl and Countess of Harewood, the latter in a deep pink evening dress, were sitting in the circle and nearby were Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell with Mr. Derek Stanley Smith and his lovely wife, who wore a dress of draped white chiffon. The Marquess of Carisbrooke was answering inquiries about his wife's health in the interval. Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, the latter in an ice blue ballet length dress, were greeting many friends. Others in the audience at this very good production were Lord Wakehurst, the Governor of Northern Ireland, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Canon Mortlake, a great devotee of the theatre, Mr. Osbert Lancaster, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Mr. John Marnan, Q.C., Miss Rona Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickinson, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, the latter in a short, slim, pearl embroidered cream satin dress, and the Hon. Diana Herbert.

★ ★ ★

SINCE the war, London couturiers have very much come to the fore, the top ones forming themselves into the now world-renowned Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Dublin also has in very recent years produced her *haute couture* designer in the very successful Sybil Connolly, whose models, like those of Norman Hartnell and Hardy Amies, are now known on both sides of the Atlantic nearly as well as those of French designers such as Christian Dior and Balenciaga.

Now Scotland has come into this very exclusive circle with their own couturier, Capt. R. Scott Moffat, who designs under the name of Lamondel. Recently a collection of his models, which I am told were charming and made of sumptuous materials, were shown in Edinburgh. The show, which was in aid of the Scottish Children's League, was organized under the chairmanship of the Countess of Haddington and a big committee. Miss Betty and Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell played a large part in making it a success, and their niece, Miss Jennifer Constable-



THE LANCASTRIANS ASSOCIATION held their Golden Jubilee dinner at the Dorchester when their president Lord Hacking took the chair. Above: Mr. W. H. Butler, Hon. Sec. of the Association, chatting to Lord and Lady Hacking at the reception



Mr. R. English, Mrs. R. English and Mr. J. Butterworth, of Burnley, Lancs



Mr. Peter Birtwistle and Miss Joan Whitehead have a drink after dinner



Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. A. D. Aubrey and Mrs. J. T. Isherwood, wife of the hon. treasurer

Maxwell, was among the mannequins. She showed the débutante clothes.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale opened the show and those who came to see the clothes and support this good charity included the Countess of Haddington, who besides being chairman had a special interest when some of the tailored clothes appeared made in tweed from the Mellerstain Weavers, the Countess of Rosebery, the Countess of Wemyss, Lady Clementine Waring, Lady Reay and Lady de la Rue.

★ ★ ★

LADY MANCROFT is chairman of a dinner and ball to be held at the Savoy Hotel on November 24.

It is to raise funds for the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club, of which Lord Mancroft has been one of the trustees for some years. The ball is an annual event and without the money raised by it, the club could not carry on. This year they need funds more than ever, because they have just built a magnificent running track next door to the club, which was opened recently by Mr. Chris Chataway, who incidentally has promised to speak at the dinner. This boys' club has produced some very fine young boxers; now perhaps we can look to them producing budding Roger Bannister or Chris Chataway in the not so distant future.

Lady Mancroft is rather more than an ordinary chairman, as when she agreed to take the office she said "Yes" on the condition that the committee ran it themselves and dispensed with the services of a professional organizer, so that the club got all the profits. Lady Mancroft says she is relying on friends to help, either by taking one or twenty tickets for the dinner-dance, inserting a small or big advertisement in the programme, sending a set of wyleys—or two free tickets in the Queen Mary—for their tombola, or a donation no matter how small, though the bigger the better. This is an opportunity for all sportsmen and others to help a really well-run good cause which assists so many young men in East London.

There are a few tickets left, as Lady Mancroft and her committee have already sold over four hundred, but if you want them, or would like to send something for the tombola or a donation, your letter should be addressed to Lady Mancroft, Headquarters, Black Lion, 59-61 High Street, Plaistow, E.13.

★ ★ ★

MME. HÄGGLÖF, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, will open a dress show at 23 Knightsbridge at 3 p.m. on November 14. There will be fifteen lovely mannequins from Stockholm showing ready made Swedish clothes of the highest class.



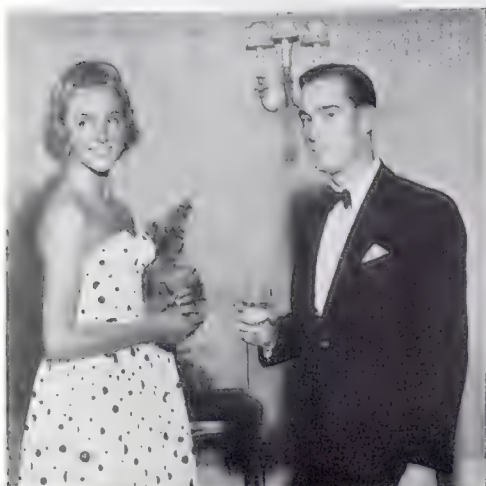
A COUNTRY HOUSE DANCE of outstanding merit was that given by Mrs. Guy Lawrence at her beautiful home, Little Easton Manor, near Dunmow, Essex, for her daughter, Miss Verity Lawrence. Above: Mrs. Lawrence awaiting the two hundred guests with her daughters Miss Verity Lawrence (centre) and Miss Dawn Lawrence, who had a dance two years ago



Miss Elise Newcome-Baker was sitting out a dance with her fiancé, Mr. Nicholas Palmer



Mr. Robin Richards and Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington were also in the garden marquee



Miss Annina Dahlerus, a guest from Stockholm, in company with Mr. Guy Nicolson



Mr. Henry Villiers and Miss Priscilla Stewart-Smith were on their way to the ballroom



Mr. Kerry St. Johnston and Miss Belinda Brooks were two others at this good dance

Gabor Denes



Prince Henry the Navigator: a detail from the famous polyptych "The Veneration Of St. Vincent," Nuno Gonçalves' masterpiece



Japanese lacquerwork screen in six leaves, painted with scenes showing the arrival of a Portuguese ship in Japan round 1600. It has been lent by the Ministerio das Financas

THE ART OF PORTUGAL

ERNLE BRADFORD, who is the author of "Contemporary Jewellery and Silverware" and of "Four Centuries of European Jewellery," reviews here the Exhibition of Portuguese Art which opens at Burlington House on Friday



An eighteenth-century walnut armchair, carved and gilt, with red velvet upholstery, lent by the Museu de Arte, Antiga, Lisbon

THIS winter's exhibition at the Royal Academy is no more nor less than the entire history of one country's art contained within the space of one building. From the moment of entering Burlington House the visitor finds himself in Portugal. A thousand years of Portuguese art surround him, from the early grandeur of ninth-century religious carving to the exuberant sweetness of the eighteenth century—the gay Portuguese rococo that has something springlike about it.

The magnificent coach made for Queen Maria Francesca of Savoy is the first thing to catch the eye; and it is worth studying because from it one can learn a great deal about the nature of Portuguese art. The intensity of its decoration is obvious; not a square inch of the surface that is left plain; not a fitment, not a single piece of the trappings that is undecorated. The craftsmanship displayed here is magnificent—craftsmanship in leather, in woodcarving, in ironwork, and in the decorative panels executed by the painter.

BUT the amazing thing is that when one steps back and views the carriage in its entirety, it is seen to be a marvel of grace—to be light, airy and gay. It is, in a word, rococo not baroque—and this is an important distinction to be made between the art of Portugal and that of her neighbour, Spain.

Heaviness and the sad grandeur—the *terribilita* of Spanish art—are absent from the art of Portugal. Instead one finds gaiety and insouciance, almost, that may seem surprising coming from a country where the Catholic Church has always been dominant in the sphere of art. There has been very little secular art in Portugal, and the visitor to this exhibition will find that practically all the paintings are religious in subject.

The Renaissance discovery of Man, of man as the hub of the universe, seems to have bypassed Portugal. This is a fact which was to her loss in many ways but, as this exhibition reveals, the narrowing or canalizing of her artistic

spring has produced works of art that are unique for their quality and grace.

A hardy, adventurous and poor nation, the Portuguese undoubtedly rank as the greatest sailors and navigators of all time. From the long littoral of their Atlantic-washed country they opened up the sea lanes of the world.

FEW nations can have discovered so much territory, so many of the riches of the world, and have emerged with so little to show for it—economically speaking that is. But the art of their great century, which we see here, is a revelation. The polyptych of the Veneration of St. Vincent (the Patron Saint of Portugal) is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of European painting. Nuno Gonçalves, who was active between 1450 and 1467, is a painter with whom few in this country may be familiar. If this brilliant exhibition does no more than reveal his greatness to lovers of painting it will have achieved its aim.

The striking quality of the portraiture in this polyptych can hardly be surpassed. The features of Henry the Navigator, the genius who by his enthusiasm and practical assistance made possible the opening up of the world, cannot fail to interest our own nation which—even if indirectly—owes so much to him. It is worth noticing, too, in this great painting how the maritime background of Portugal is never absent, and how, among the kings and the princes, three of the principal figures are poor fishermen. One of them—as if to emphasize the simple nature of his status—holds a rosary made of fish bones.

THE Rembrandtesque quality of the unknown sixteenth-century master who painted the "Portrait of a Nun" is one aspect of Portuguese art which may even surprise the student. More familiar, or more expected, is the type and style of Gregorio Lopez whose fine "Presentation of the Head of St. John the Baptist" will repay study, for here again is exemplified the essential gaiety of Portuguese art. There is none of the gruesome heaviness with which a Spaniard would have

endowed the subject, nor is there the lachrymose sentimentality of the Italian. The three figures, in fact, which dominate this picture are no more and no less than three young boys playing in the foreground.

Well worth remarking, too, is the detailed tenderness with which the carpet and the clothes are treated.

SUCH essential sweetness and light, which would seem to be the hallmark of Portuguese art, is nowhere better shown than in their domestic art: in their silver, faience, tapestry and furniture. It is in the domestic arts that we in England claim to triumph over the other nations of the world. One thinks of our own great century, the eighteenth, and of the masterpieces of silver and furniture that were produced by English craftsmen. It comes then as somewhat of a surprise to find that the Portuguese, too, are masters in these more homely branches of art.

The silver shown at Burlington House will be a revelation to all connoisseurs. There is a purity of line and perfection of craftsmanship in these sauceboats, salvers and table ornaments which recalls the highest flights of the Scottish addition of silversmithing. It is interesting, too, to note that, during the early eighteenth century, two quite distinct stylistic currents flowed side by side in Portuguese silver. We find rococo motifs that might have come from the hand of Jean Le Lamerie being produced at the same time as tazzas and bowls which have the purity of the best silverware of our own Queen Anne period.

FURNITURE, carpets, rugs and hangings all reflect an elegance and a delight in the surface of life that, as has been said, seems so strangely from a country which lies geographically and ecclesiastically speaking—the same bed as Spain. The "Tragic Sense of Life," so evident in all Spanish art, is completely absent here; as is the frivolity of French rococo.

The Portuguese is rococo *plus* restraint;

in a word rococo art is here at its best.

If the silver and the furniture will surprise connoisseurs of these crafts, no less will the seventeenth-century faience which has a delicacy that renders it almost like porcelain. The glazes are very fine, some of the chinoiserie decoration is exquisite, and the animal motifs charming. Two large vases, a pair, decorated the one with parrots and the other with rabbits, are a delight.

In a separate room are the paintings, the furniture and the silverware of "Golden Goa." Here again, though the Indian motifs and style of handcraftsmanship are naturally in evidence, one finds the same elegant lightheartedness which characterizes the whole exhibition. At a time when the future of Goa is so sadly threatened, a sense of tragedy hangs over these exhibits.

What is tragic is that here, clearly, the marriage of East and West has been successful. A divorce could benefit neither side.

INDEED, this Winter Exhibition is one to go to, to return to, and to visit yet again, for there is something in it for everyone. Looking through the catalogue it would seem that every great family, every church, every monastery—the whole of Portugal in short—has contributed.

The art of an entire nation has in very truth been garnered to produce this exhibition—the art of a nation of seafarers like ourselves, the art of our oldest allies. There are masterpieces like the Belém Monstrance, one of the greatest examples of sixteenth-century silversmithing, and exotic fantasies like a pair of Japanese sixteenth-century screens depicting the arrival of a Portuguese ship in Japan.

Just as the Exhibition of Chinese Art in the thirties engendered a new enthusiasm in England for things "in the Chinese taste," so it may well be that furnishings, fabrics and the attendant arts and crafts will be inspired by this exhibition to a Portuguese mode or vogue. It will be to the enrichment of the English social scene if they are.



Portrait of a Nun. Late sixteenth century, probably painted by a follower of Cristovao de Figueiredo. It was shown at Paris in 1931



Silver gilt hour glass bearing the arms of Bishop D. Jorge d'Almeida. Lent by the Museu Machado de Castro, Coimbra



Early sixteenth-century chalice, in the Manueline style, silver gilt and elaborately chased with holy figures



Silver ewer with gadrooned border and "figurehead" handle. Lent by Viscondes de Paço de Nespereira



Roundabout

Paul Holt

THE servant problem was no problem in Edwardian days, for there were servants and their duties were clearly laid down. And that, as the Prime Minister would say, was that.

I have been reading with fascination a magazine of 1907 called *Woman's Home* in which the work and duties of a housemaid are explained.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to state them simply, thus:

6.30 a.m. Go downstairs, open shutters, sweep and dust drawing-room, sweep stairs, call family, take up hot water, tea, boots and letters.

8 a.m. Have kitchen breakfast.

8.30 a.m. Open bedroom windows, strip beds, do bedroom china, dust stairs, make beds, do grates, sweep and dust bedrooms.

10 a.m. Do special work for the day.

1 p.m. Put hot water in bedrooms. Have kitchen dinner; tidy bedrooms. Change dress. Help to clear dining-room lunch if

required. Be ready to answer front door while parlourmaid dresses. Do needlework and light duties.

4 p.m. Help prepare kitchen tea; have tea and clear it away.

6 p.m. Tidy bedrooms. Close house and light bedroom fires.

7.30 p.m. Put hot water in bedrooms; help ladies to dress if required. Assist parlourmaid to wait at table.

8 p.m. Prepare bedrooms for the night. Have supper.

9.30 p.m. Put hot water in bedrooms. See to fires. Bed.

IT seems to have been a full day to me; but a woman to whom I showed this daily calendar assures me that it was all done. She added that there were two other strict rules for the housemaids, which are not mentioned in this article. No girls were allowed to cut their hair short, for this was considered "flighty." And no girl was allowed to go to the back door in any

circumstances, in case there might be a butcher boy lurking there.

She added that the post of housemaid in "a medium-sized house of the gentry" was eagerly sought after by girls.

The servants of those days seem to me to have been gluttons for punishment.

★ ★ ★

How many strokes does it take you to shave?

I am so bored by this daily exercise that I began to count this week, and found to my horror that on a good morning, when I wasn't hating the sight of my face quite as much as usual, I took eighty-five strokes to get the bristles away.

On a bad morning, after a late night of serendipity (talking about nothing with your feet up), I was horrified to find the figure went up to 105.

There is no doubt that economy must set in, for it is not only the wasted time that annoys me. The monotony is my enemy.

HALLOWE'EN

The turnip masks upon the gate
grin yellow in the witches' night
and boys and girls in fancy dress
make merry by the lantern light,
and high above, the clouded moon
shines fitfully on hedge and tree,
shadowing the purple road
with fingers of branch tracery.

The owl upon the silver bough,
a grisaille, golden eyes aglow,
broomstick or brimstone fears not he,
nor all the goblin company,
and though the mists may whirl about
in shapes grotesque or like to fright,
he watches fearless in the night
October's ghosts go marching out.

—ERIC CLARK

FRENCH papers are delightful. They treat frivolous subjects with such gravity.

There was the classic case of the story which began "*Qui vole la belle mère*," which is all about a man who was thirsty and raked the coffin in which lay his grandfather in the road while he went into a trot: and when he came out the coffin had gone.

Now a friend sends me a cutting from *l'ignon Soir*, a place where they have a "trot."

The heading to the picture announces: *Un Serpent se Laissait Mourir de faim . . .* and the caption says:

'Sa captivité lui paraissant insupportable, le reptile du Zoo de Rome se laissait littéralement mourir de faim. Deux vétérinaires furent chargés d'alimenter le serpent. Cette délicatesse de ration, que montre notre cliché, a été entreprise avec un seringue sur laquelle, à la place de l'aiguille, fut branché un tuyau en matière plastique introduit dans l'oesophage de la bête.'

This is almost as good as some of the French images conjured up for your imagination in the Bible, in which Jonah gets swallowed by *le leviathan* and Moses strikes the rock with his *baton*.

★ ★ ★

A CONTROVERSY has broken out about dogs to be seen in pictures on church walls or in stained glass windows. Everybody seems to be surprised about this.

But if you care to wander about Italy, where religious painting began with Giotto, you will find that nearly all the great ones in the churches have a small dog tucked away somewhere. Ghirlandaio was a great one for it and, of course, the famous Fra Lippo never painted a picture on a church wall without a small mongrel somewhere.

The argument now is that they were "Maltese" dogs, but to me they look like small, woolly scruffs of nothing, with long tails and tongues hanging out.

Some of the best examples are in Florence, where the painter's pleasure was obviously to depict a saint suffering untold agonies and a small dog enjoying every moment of it.



THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR, Senhor Pedro Theotonio Pereira, who has been the Ambassador of Portugal to the Court of St. James's since 1953, has recently moved to the new Embassy in Belgrave Square. This has been got ready in time for the state visit to this country of the President of Portugal and his wife, Mme. Lopez. From 1947-50, Senhor Pereira was his country's representative at Washington and in 1949 was one of the signatories of the North Atlantic Pact on behalf of Portugal. He is a keen fisherman and an Honorary Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In 1926 he married Isabel van Zeller Palha, and they have one son and two daughters

HUNTER TRIALS IN KENT

A COURSE at Church House, Edenbridge, was the scene of the Mid-Surrey Farmers' Drag Hounds hunter trials. Below: Miss B. Hutchinson on Kilgarry checks up with Mr. Sam Marsh over some details



Above: Jumping in the open pairs, Miss Jill Armstrong on Lady Munro's Yellaboy, and Miss Carol McLennan on Lochinvar

Below: Major J. Janson, R.A., on Jupiter, and Major C. Owen on Chance, two owner-riders in the open pairs



At the Races

"THE BOYS" AGAIN!

"THE mixture as before!" This is not true! A mixture right enough, but different because the operators, whom we know as "The Boys," are not all bad. If they class you as "all riaght" there is nothing they would not do for you; *per contra* if they class you as "ob-jection" there's nothing they would not do to you! A quaint mixture!

When, some years ago, society was deprived of the company of "The Brum Boys," and some other racecourse gangs, it was confidently hoped that we had kissed goodbye to some patrons of the Turf who were neither useful nor ornamental! We were far too optimistic, for some recent occurrences completely forbid such a comforting conclusion. The Boys are just as boyish and full of their peculiar pranks as ever, perhaps even more so.

NO one has ever minded their sticking knives into their business rivals, collecting the wallets, or even the pearl tiepins of those other racegoers who are so silly as to give them the chance, and hearing that they got eight to one about a four to one chance. None of this is news. But recently "The Boys" have gone a bit farther and seem to claim to take complete charge of the administration of our affairs. They have got the bit between their teeth!

Now a joke is a joke so long as it is not pushed too far, but the present state of affairs has quite ceased to be funny.

In a part of the world which for some unexplained

reason it has been usual to refer to as "The Mysterious East," though, in fact, it is no more mysterious than Clapham Junction or Peckham Rye, there used to be a special government department called "The Thuggee and Dacoity," which in plain English just meant the throttling and thieving department. This may still be the case, but I do not think that it is more necessary in Hindustan than it is in our Near East. There ain't no "ten Commandments" and a man can raise a thirst just as easily in our East as in that other East. That other East may have been leading the West by a whisker, but that is no longer the case, for we have shoals of murderers, thieves and other

scoundrels who would give Fagin or Professor Moriarty a good run for their money, so we ought not to get uppish. There was once a very well-known performer called Hassan Ibn Sabbah and he was known also as the "Old Man of the Mountains." Wicked old tough as he was, I think it would take him all his time to make a dead heat with some of our best performers.

ABOUT that old foxhound Quorn Safeguard to whom a passing reference was made in these notes the other day, it is only fair to record that he was not the only one to do his bit in this way when things were rather straitened in some kennels. There was a hound named Why Not, who did the same thing for the Meynell, and strangely enough he, like Safeguard, came from the Cheshire.

Neither Why Not nor Safeguard were prepossessing, in fact, Mr. Chandy Pole, the then Master, was almost for putting Why Not down. In the upshot he proved such a good stallion hound that the Meynell could hardly draw one that had not a lot of Why Not blood in him.

SAFEGUARD was not very good in front, inclined to be throaty and too straight on his stilts; but Cruiser his son was almost perfection. He was a very big dog, I should think over twenty-six, bone right the way down, well sprung, beautiful neck and shoulders; almost the hound breeder's dream. He carried all before him at Peterborough, which does not always recommend itself to everybody, but Cruiser was a foxhound with a beautiful note, very fast and very staunch.

I expect they have still got some of his blood in the kennel, but the credit really goes to that ugly old dog Safeguard, who was also very good in his work though plain as the corner of the street to look at.

—SABRETACHE





Miss Shirley Knowles clearing the double fence on her horse Fancy Free in the Novice Jumping competition



*The TATLER
and Bystander
OCTOBER 26, 1955
231*



Miss Caroline Davies-Cooke, from Wales, Miss Sigrid Ohlsson, (South Africa), and Miss Bridget MacIntyre



Capt. Harry Freeman Jackson, M.F.H., Open Jumping champion, with his wife and Miss V. Beamish



Miss Clare Jinkinson, from Northern Ireland, Lady Perdita Blackwood, and Miss Barbara Breitmeyer, from England

INDOOR JUMPING IN IRELAND

NINE countries were represented at a horse show held at night in Col. J. Hume Dudgeon's indoor stadium at Burton Hall, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin. Above: Miss Joan Jobling Purser, who won the Children's Jumping on Little Prince, with the championship cup presented by Mrs. Nancy Connell, a former Master of the Meath



Fennell

Miss Alicia Bradford, a U.S. rider who won the Novice Jumping, receives her trophy, a racing cup, from the donor, Mrs. Rowly Byers, of Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, who is a successful racehorse owner

THE EMPIRE BALL

HR.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER was principal guest at the Empire Ball, in aid of the Empire Rheumatic Council. There was a company of 200 at this successful event, and they were entertained during the cabaret by Larry Adler, who flew over from Paris



Mr. Jack Hawkins, the actor, and his wife were among the guests at the ball

Miss Janet Bourne and Mr. Charles Woodham-Smith unfolding tombola tickets



Below : Mr. R. Victor Howell and Mrs. John Glyn were dinner companions at the Dorchester Hotel

Above : The Duchess of Gloucester was greeted by the chairman of the Ball Committee, Mrs. Gerald Lascelles, and her husband

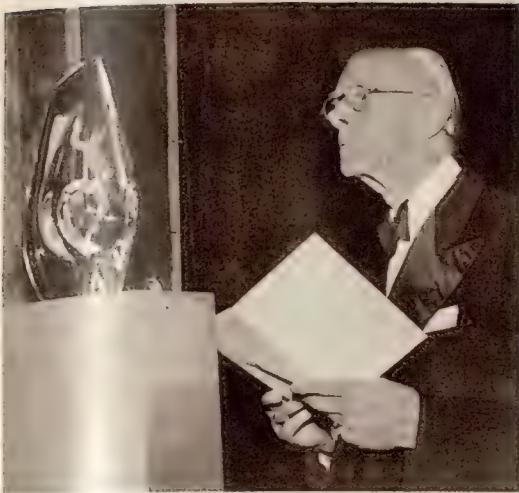


Van Hallan

Miss Sally Anne Howes, daughter of Bobby Howes, with Mr. Nigel Tangye

Miss Rosemary Webb-Johnson, who had just won a tombola prize, was showing it to Mr. W. E. Appleby

Mrs. David Wilkinson was partnered in a fox-trot by Lord Hacking. They were in the same supper party



A CRYSTALLINE ART

FOUR HUNDRED guests attended the opening at 45, Park Lane, of an exhibition of Steuben glass, to see the superb collection of designs made by international artists. Above: Mr. Ernest Thesiger admires a fine piece. Right: Lady Mary and Mr. Adrian Bailey before some exhibits



The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Houghton, Jun., received the guests at the private view

Below: Mrs. Rex Benson and Lady Barry (right) were talking to Sir Archibald Jamieson before going to see the exhibits



Mrs. Gerald Legge in conversation with the U.S. Ambassador, H.E. Mr. Winthrop Aldrich. The glass is made in New York

Lady Caroline Gilmour, wife of Mr. Ian Gilmour, with Sir David and Lady Scott, down from their home in Northants

A. V. Swaebe



London Limelight

Supersonic Miss G.

THREE top-liners in the cabaret business are now in view in the town, and each of them has taken infinite trouble in polishing the last facet of a technical diamond. Miss Gingold at the Café de Paris almost blinds one with science. The flash of her wit and witchery makes one sigh for dark glasses to study this orgy of sophistication in detail.

And here, I think, she makes an error, for one can have too much of a wicked thing. In revue, Miss Gingold comes off her diamanté pedestal now and again to present us with a chunk of earthier waspishness pointed with acute observation—a 'cellist or a mas-seuse, for example—but here her note is so high that only the gun dogs trained in W.I can distinguish it clearly. Ungratefully (for I enjoyed each separate minute of the show) I began to wish that Henry Kendall would wander down the golden staircase to match a rapier with her. If the Café is equipped with a reliable lightning-conductor the scheme might be beneficial.

HUTCH, back at Quag's, is still better than all the contemporary swamis of swoon put together. Like M. Chevalier he husbands his voice at times and gives, instead of Anglo-French patter, an exhibition of piano-playing as good as anything since Fats Waller. But when he does let fly, as in "Hey,

There," he can give Mr. Hockridge at the Coliseum points on his own hit song, for being his own arranger he can flirt around with the melody *ad lib.* and *ad libertine.*

At the Savoy, Miss Lena Horne, all coffee and elegance, also enjoys the advantage of a really understanding accompanist, her pianist

being Lennie Hayton, her husband. At the first glance Miss Horne is a simple delight, for she has youth on her side. But she sings with such an elemental fascination that I refuse to believe that "she just stopped crawling and stood up—and almost immediately sang." Not that it matters: the lady is for yearning, not for analysis.



Hermione Gingold—is it possible to be too wicked?

IMPRESARIOS might well consider the grandeur of Mlle. Françoise Rosay as an entertainer in this school. We know her as one of the great ladies of the French stage and screen, but she is also a mime who could give Peter Ustinov a modest handicap. She once produced for me—as it were, before my very eyes—Miss Rita Hayworth in an imaginary interview with Continental journalists, and threw off this thumbnail masterpiece merely to emphasise a point. It was both devastating and hilarious. Her argument was "Young actresses should never be allowed to read their own publicity."

—Youngman Carter

A TRULY LATIN fire has marked this season's production of *Rigoletto*, at Sadler's Wells. Above, left: Frederick Sharp in the title-role. Right: The Duke (Robert Thomas) meets Maddalena (Anna Pollak) in a lonely inn, while Sparafucile (Harold Blackburn) lurks in the shadows



Angus McBean

Rigoletto discovers that the victim of his revenge is his daughter Gilda (Marjorie Shires)

At the Theatre

CHARM AT A DISCOUNT

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

"OKLAHOMA!", it is time to recall, swept us off our feet not by telling a story taken from a novel, but by evoking a mood. "O, what a beautiful morning . . . everything's going my way"—the mood was caught in the very first lines and held lightly and securely to the end of a wonderful evening. The successors to *Oklahoma!* all take their stories from novels, but now for a quite different reason. The stories are not shaped to produce a mood exhilarating enough to sweep a light musical audience off their feet. They are supposed to be interesting in themselves.

It is in their nature to be ugly or drab or confusing, that is of no moment: the clumping energy with which they are put across can be trusted to disguise their fundamental unsuitability for a song-and-dance show. If we ask in our simple, traditional way for charm we are sternly reproved by the earnest realists of Broadway and told that for charm (or grace or inspired gaiety or gilded nonsense, or whatever sort

of escapism we have come to expect of musicals) we must make do with a rendering of life as it really is.

AND we make do. The story of *The Pajama Game* at the Coliseum is supposed to be interesting in itself. It takes us into a pyjama factory and shows us the work-girls madly stitching away, so many stitches a minute by the stop-watch, as though they were part of a scene in an Expressionist drama of the 'thirties. They are hardly less slaves of the machine when they come to recreate themselves for the next day's work at an outing in the woods organised by the management, though there are the usual amorous diversions.

However, Romance eventually brings up, not the 9.15 of Kipling, but the Grievance Committee with the heroine at its head. Her opposite number is naturally the zealous Works Superintendent. What interrupts the course of true love between them is a disputed wage increase of 7½ cents. He is for the bosses, she for the workers, what an agonising conflict of loyalties! Quite a



THE GYRATIONS of Gladys (Elizabeth Seal) greatly please Hines (Max Wall)

good conflict for the prosaic playwright to treat seriously. The objection to it on the light musical stage is that it has to be treated there with a realism which, while almost always too insistent, is thoroughly bogus. The result is not a rendering of industrial life, but a crude mockery of it, charmless and not very funny.

YET *The Pajama Game*, with all the crudity and repetitiveness of its book, will get by. The music and lyrics, by Mr. Richard Adler and Mr. Jerry Ross, have staying power, and the dancing by an English company has a near-American vitality and a good command of various taking rhythms. Mr. Edmund Hockridge, a forceful baritone, is well cast as the Works Superintendent. His voice, without the help of amplifiers, fills the vast spaces of the Coliseum, and it is a novel idea which works out successfully that the song "Hey there," which warns him that he is falling in love, should be sung as a duet with his own voice recorded on a tape machine and playing back at him.

THE heroine (the Grievance Committee) has a rather more human personality than the hero (the Works Superintendent), and Miss Joy Nichols fills it out most attractively. Before the run ends Miss Nichols is likely to number her friends by the ten thousand. Miss Elizabeth Seal, a lithe brunette whose eccentric dances are one of the show's undoubted successes, has as much gusto as any of the company, and she manages to throw in a little charm as well. The humour is only of the more obvious sort, and Mr. Max Wall, as a jealous knife-thrower, gets his best chance (such as it is) in his dream of a flighty wife's behaviour in his absence, and even here he is only the miming intervener in Miss Seal's comic dance.



IN TRIBAL COSTUME, Prez (Frank Lawless) congratulates Sid Sorokin (Edmund Hockridge) as he pours out his heart in manly fashion to Babe Williams (Joy Nichols), who is delighted with his loving declaration



Television

THE "X" FACTOR

SINCE I.T.A. has been churning canned drama off its stockpile, the qualification "live" has become as significant to connoisseurs of TV drama as "English" at the butchers. With two live play productions weekly, the B.B.C.'s lead on this score has so far been unchallenged. But tomorrow evening Associated-Rediffusion's "London Playhouse" risks its first live play, *A Garden by the Sea*.

No Jamesian I, and feeling pursued by parodies and dramatisations of *The Aspern Papers*, I nevertheless recognise the choice as a cut above most dramatic fare offered by I.T.A. The cast, too, is headed by Rosalie Crutchley, one of the most strikingly effective actresses on TV when she appeared in B.B.C. plays.

On the same evening the B.B.C. presents *Truant in Park Lane*, a comedy by James Parrish, in which the spirit of an earl possesses the body of a suburban medium's husband. Mervyn Johns plays the little man with the soul of an aristocrat, while his harassed countess provides opportunities for Noel Hood. Miss Hood has done much good work on TV, most memorably as the old marshal's nurse in Peter Ustinov's *The Moment of Truth*.

IN inner TV circles a belief prevails that some mysterious factor beyond the mere quality of the picture distinguishes live television from films or telerecordings. I am inclined to credit this as more than a trade superstition. But, of course, the quality of the picture helps a lot. So does the quality of the play when we get one as good as Iain McCormick's *The Rescue*, even telerecorded and (in my case) badly received. Mr. McCormick still seems the lone television dramatist with something to say about people. The next play we see by him will be from the B.B.C.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone

VOICE OF QUALITY

AMONGST the very many recently released seventy-eight records there is one that warrants special attention. It has been made by Gerry Brereton, who sings "Fair Sets The Wind Of Love" and "A Million Helping Hands." This thirty-one-year-old ex-Commando lost his sight during the invasion of Sicily and was trained through St. Dunstan's to become a telephone operator, but the idea of making this his life's career didn't really appeal to him. He had, while at school, won a scholarship for singing, and in spite of his disability decided to take up singing again.

Before long he began broadcasting from Manchester, and with the help of his wife overcame the drawbacks of blindness to the extent that when he appeared in "What's My Line?"

he found his way round with such ease and certainty that he completely foxed the panel, no one realising that he was unable to see!

It was band leader Frank Chacksfield who, hearing a recording taken from one of his broadcasts, arranged for Brereton to make his first commercial gramophone record. Recently he returned from Canada and the United States of America where he not only sang, but gained second place in the Blind Golf Championships.

IT is interesting to note that the song "A Million Helping Hands" was written by a young man from Liverpool by name of Tommy Morgan who, unlike Brereton, has been blind from birth. This song will doubtless be sung by many others, but I doubt if any will infuse into it such warmth and sincerity as you will hear on this first recording. Gerry Brereton has an excellent voice which he uses with all the knowledge of a musician, and, above all, his diction is faultlessly clear. I commend him as a vocalist of quality. (Columbia DB. 3662.)

—Robert Tredinnick

SURPRISE APPEARANCE on the roof of ex-jewel thief "The Cat" (Cary Grant). An incident in *To Catch a Thief*, to be shown at the Royal Film Performance next Monday at the Odeon, Leicester Square



JANETTE SCOTT and Vernon Gray, a young couple on their elopement to Gretna Green, in the forthcoming film *Now and Forever*



At the Pictures

A BLURRED LENS



AN UNMASKING in Old Vienna, featuring Denis Price and Michael Redgrave, in the course of Powell and Pressburgers' *Oh, Rosalinda!*, their forthcoming screen adaptation of Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*

Left: Laurence Harvey, fascinated by the provocative wiles of Julie Harris in *I Am a Camera*

IT is difficult for me to accept Berlin in the early 1930's as the background for hilarious comedy, and I rather feel that Mr. Henry Cornelius, a most sensitive director, must have experienced a similar difficulty, for there is an uneasiness about *I Am a Camera*—the screen version of Mr. John Van Druten's play, based on Mr. Christopher Isherwood's brilliant stories of the period.

Berlin in those days was as sinister as a death's-head with rouged cheekbones. Hitler was rising to power, a vicious anti-Semitism was growing—but the Berliners, in the current phrase, "didn't want to know." With averted eyes they hurried past the broken windows of Jewish shops, to forget the menace of the future in the noise and glitter of a crowded restaurant or bar—Femina, perhaps, where table telephones facilitated the picking-up of a companion for the night, or El Dorado, where the men dressed as women and the women as men. In an atmosphere of corruption and decadence, everybody was feverishly gay and nobody was really happy.

NEITHER Mr. Cornelius nor the script-writer, Mr. John Collier, has quite ignored that atmosphere in their story of Mr. Isherwood, the struggling English teacher and would-be novelist, and Sally Bowles, the effervescent, childlike wanton who became, for as long as it amused her, his old man of the sea—but it does not, as it should, pervade the film. The note of farcical comedy is firmly stressed and brightness is all, so that any dark hint of evil comes merely as an unwelcome shock: it's like finding a horrid maggot in a toffee-apple.

The Censor may be to blame: I suspect he slashed the film to ribbons, eliminating unpleasantness in a maiden auntish way, before granting it an X Certificate.

MR. LAURENCE HARVEY is surely miscast as the intellectual Mr. Isherwood, the detached observer with the camera eye: he tries hard to bring the character to life but fails irritatingly. I confess the only sequence in which I could tolerate him was the madly funny one in which Sally's millionaire American (rollicking Mr. Ron Randell) subjects him excruciatingly to every known cure for a hangover.

Miss Shelley Winters has a singularly unrewarding part as a blonde Jewess, intermittently sought after by Mr. Anton Diffring, a young fortune-hunter who conceals his own Jewish origin until the last moment. As the film stands, neither of these characters has the slightest significance.

Miss Julie Harris gives a dazzling performance as Sally Bowles—utterly amoral, irresponsible and irresistible, mistress of every situation and any man who offers. But somewhere, somehow, one should feel a pang for the sparkling young creature tripping lightly down the primrose path to the dogs—and one never does.

"IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER" is that welcome rarity, a witty, satirical musical—as good as *On the Town*.

Three G.I. buddies, Messrs. Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd, celebrate their release from the army at Tim's Bar in New York, vow eternal friendship and pledge themselves to meet again at the same spot ten years hence.

The years go by: Mr. Kelly, who was to have been a lawyer, finds himself managing

a crooked boxer; Mr. Kidd, potentially the world's greatest chef, runs a hamburger joint, while the promising artist, Mr. Dailey, develops into a dyspeptic executive in the advertising racket, business-wise successful, marriage-wise a flop.

The reunion is disastrous. They hate each other very much—and, recalling the men they were and the men they meant to be, they hate themselves even more.

Commercial television comes to the rescue of self-respect and a beautiful friendship. Miss Dolores Gray, making a splendid film debut as a TV sob-sister, and Miss Cyd Charisse, crisp as a cos-lettuce in the role of an organiser, quiz-wise undefeatable, trap the unsuspecting three into the "Manhattan Heart-throb" programme—one of those ghastly affairs in which unfortunate private persons are pounced upon and gushingly exhibited to 60,000,000 viewers.

TO Miss Gray's pretty consternation, Mr. Kidd is publicly livid, Mr. Dailey morosely tells the world "I consider this a fitting climax to ten years of degradation," and Mr. Kelly glumly advises the male audience "I'm a bum. Don't be like me, boys. Live clean—use Klenszite."

The twist that follows this enchanting moment is so ingenious and unexpected. It must be left to you surprise-wise. The dance routines are spectacularly original—Mr. Kelly on skates is out of this world—the songs are lively, the dialogue deft and deadly, and commercial TV has never been given a swifter or sounder kick in the slats. Entertainment-wise, this musical is unbeatable.

—Elsbeth Grant

The Japanese Ambassador, H.E. Mr. Nishi, in close conversation with the Marchioness of Reading, and Mme. Nishi



The Marquess Alcantara was with Lady George Scott and Mrs. Michael Crichton

Vicomte d'Orthez with Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador in London. The social, diplomatic and political worlds were all fully represented at the reception

Mrs. Charles Wilson (centre) was sitting with M. and Mme. M. Lapique

Lord and Lady Kilmarnock having a glass of champagne upon arrival

M. Andre Boszormenyi with Mme. Mendoza, wife of the Cuban Ambassador



Senora Cecilia Remon, the Panamanian Embassy Counsellor, with the Afghan Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Najib-Ullah



The Duchess of Buccleuch talking to Mr. Peter Coats at the reception

Mr. Gavin Astor, a cousin of Viscount Astor, with Mrs. Michael Canfield



Desmond O'Neill



THE TOAST WAS "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS"

THE biggest diplomatic reception of the year was held at the Spanish Embassy to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The tapestry-hung rooms of the Embassy in Belgrave Square were crowded with nearly a thousand guests. Above: The Ambassador, H.E. the Duke of Primo de Rivera, just before the reception, which is described by Jennifer on page 222

Standing By

À LA CARDBOARD

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AFTER publishing some 50,000,000 words of gently-reflective, highclass prose on nothing in particular, the popular Edwardian essayist A. C. Benson complained to a friend that he couldn't think of anything to write about. His friend said: "Well, write something about not being able to think of anything to write about," whereupon Benson sat down and produced another 50,000,000 words of gently-reflective, highclass prose, easy as kiss-your-hand.

We cite the Bensonian example to shame a science boy lately crying unhappily that the market for new synthetic foods seems to have reached saturation-point. This is pure nonsense, since the Race will devour anything set before it and everything can now be turned into food—even, we discover, that popular savoury called Toast Boston, composed of six synthetic canned beans resting on what seems to be a square of damp cardboard but is often (as the ventilation-hole proclaims) a slice of one of the chef's discarded bowlers.

At a country hotel famous among epicures for its Toast Boston our spies report a new savoury called Haddock Richelieu, which tastes like old shredded deck-shoes and is actually, a science boy assures us, the original Toast Boston submitted in bulk to the Danckwartz-Ridgeway Industrial By-products high-frequency process. Even the basic slice of bowler now vaguely recalls minced linoleum. This dainty will shortly be marketed as "Whiffo" and you'll love it.

Line

IN the foyer of a big Madrid hotel the other day five Englishmen with hopeless expressions suddenly formed a queue at the bureau, reported a ravished eyewitness to a London daily. When he left some time later to catch a train they were still there, with a politely puzzled crowd of Spaniards

flowing round them. They're possibly standing there still, silent, in rigid formation.

The rugged old Island passion for forming queues continues to mystify foreigners, we fancy, because foreigners don't understand queuing for queuing's sake. In London anybody can start a queue very simply, and we know a trio of chaps who occasionally do so for fun by stopping dead in a busy street, one behind the other, staring into vacancy. Within three minutes the Race comes hurrying to line up; stout ugly men in bowlers and buxom, busy housewives and fair young maidens, venerable old crooks and firmjawed business men and maiden ladies and retired Civil Servants and little children with wet noses, innocent of guile; all silent (to echo a famous line) and all damned. A Divorce Court lawyer tells us that waiting co-respondents now get into line automatically likewise. Some sweethearts have quite a platoon on parade, he adds, and are justifiably proud.

In a comedy we saw in Paris some time ago called *Le Cocu Magnifique* the leading lady's lovers formed a long queue and were entertained by buskers. The author meant this for a joke. The British Queue is not a joke. (End message.)

Trip

THERE being few more exhausting bores than the Returned Traveller, we propose sparing you a thousand marvels and delights lately encountered during a 3000-mile run in a Vauxhall Velox (to mention no names) round Umbria, Tuscany, and the Marches, where nobody goes. But you shall certainly hear of the noblest risotto in Italy, as cooked by stout, smiling, handsome, motherly Signora Nerina in her restaurant at Bologna.

This food is comparable in its way, gourmets agree, with the Fifth Symphony and Piero della Francesca's stupendous fresco (which we saw) at Sansepolchro;



"Say when"

a masterpiece, a revelation. In fact a very neat and pretty dish. Shall we tell you now about the ever-memorable festa at Loreto? Or the traffic-jam, owing to the Swiss Army, near the top of the Great St. Bernard Pass in mist and rain? Or the faëry wine of Montepulciano? Or the Etruscan Gate at Volterra? Or sixteen other remote walled hill-towns of the Appenines, each on its steep crag and crammed with marble churches, palaces, and arcades, Old Masters, smartshops, good restaurants and bars, and agreeable citizens? Or the jamboree of the Old Alpini Boys at Aquila? Or the hellish noise created by Young Italy racing Vespas everywhere day and night? Or the Trattoria of the Bell in Rome? Or the fire in Lucca Cathedral? Or the mirific mountain-panorama on the road between Ascoli-Piceno and Chieti? No. All this and far more we spare you, whites, though the guidebook boys never tell you anything half so fascinating, the puling dopes.

Afterthought

YOU may, it occurs to us, be all afire to know what the Swiss Army was doing on the Great St. Bernard on one of the three bad days in four resplendent weeks. A company of sappers was fishing up a smashed touring car from nearly 7000 ft. below, the mishap being apparently due to the Competitive Spirit which lures you white men so often to your doom. It's a sheer and easy drop at that point, a hairpin bend. Try it sometime.

BRIGGS by Graham





Mr. William Redgrave, an exhibitor with a portrait of his son Nicholas, was here with Miss Betty Dewis



Mr. John Barclay chatting to Miss Marion Hocken, the Cornish-born artist, an exhibitor at the show



Mr. Wharton Lang, Miss Una Shaw Lang and Mr. Faust Lang, whose "Skater" is seen on the left



Clayton Evans

THE ARTISTS OF ST. IVES recently opened their autumn exhibition at the New Gallery in Norway Square. The ceremony was performed by Lt.-Col. Neave Hill and the show received enthusiastic support. The president of the society is Mr. Claude Muncaster. Above: The unchanging beauty of the harbour has attracted many of the finest painters in England over several generations. Once the home of the "square brush" school, it now extends its welcome to moderns and academicians with equanimity

Priscilla in Paris

THE ELDERLY MASTERS



AMATEUR GOLFERS OF EUROPE gathered for the Italian Open Championships at the Villa D'Este Country Club. Above: By the first tee, Signorina Maria Pia Vecchi (seated); M. G. Moerman (Belgium), Duchessa Serra di Cassano, Signorina Diana Martini, Signor Pier Giorgio Rivetti

Baron de Posson (Brussels) with his British opponent, Mr. C. K. Pearce, just before their match

Mlle. Annelis Schiff (Holland) with Mme. J. Sirlaine (Belgium), two leading Continental players



The winner, M. Henri de Lamaze, with Signorina Isa Goldschmid-Bevione, Italian National champion

Commandant G. René, secretary of the Club, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis, who came over from Tripoli

R. H. Schloss

At the Galerie Charpentier—rue du Faubourg St. Honoré—the exhibition of paintings, grouped under the classification *Ecole de Paris '55*, fittingly glorifies the over-seventies. This is an agreeable change after the indiscriminate praise that, so often, is ladled out to young prodigies who, after a brilliant start, do not stay the course. Picasso, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Jacques Villon, Van Dongen, Vlaminck, Beauchamp and Herbin are, indeed, the still active leaders of the "Paris School," since the pictures they exhibit have been painted within the last ten months.

Amongst the under-seventies (well under) Yves Brayer's impressive landscape of the bleak but luminous Camargue region is outstanding, Leguelt's "Emilienne" (so charming in her white dress) is an exquisite piece of work, and Terechkovitch has managed to give us yet another "Nathalie" (and her dog, "Douchka") without making us sick of the two inseparables.

We were a little surprised at not finding Utrillo amongst the distinguished gathering, but Sacha Guitry has persuaded the great portrayer of Montmartre to appear as himself in the film-digest of Paris now in the making, and a film début, when one is well over seventy, doubtless takes all one's energy. It must be remembered also that Utrillo has been busy with the immense canvases, 3 metres by 180, that he was commissioned to paint by the City Fathers, to liven up the walls of the Hotel de Ville.

The Charpentier Gallery is one of the pleasantest in Paris; there is an impression of light, gaiety and warmth of colouring at this show that is attracting a record crowd.

On Varnishing Day I saw Gisèle d'Assailly wearing a "duck" of a Dutch bonnet in red something-or-other, that was most agreeable to contemplate at a time when hats have never been so hideous as they are just now! I owe Mme. d'Assailly another debt of gratitude. She has composed a witty guide to letter-writing that will spare me many perplexities, not so much in the composition of the body of the document—I believe I am able to make up stories as well as most people—but in its termination.

The niceties of the French salutations, distinguished sentiments, expressions of high consideration, affectionate respect, esteem and what-not, have never become second nature to me, even after living so many years in this delightful city, and I always



feel that "très sincèrement votre" is a cowardly, as well as an incorrect, way of getting out from under!

To the lugubrious, highbrow plays, both classic and biblical, that are now on here, there is one more to add. Lugubrious enough, but inspired neither by the classics nor the Scriptures unless one insists on dragging in the judgment of Solomon. *Procès de Famille*, at the Théâtre del'Œuvre, is translated from the Italian of Diego Fabbri. Three couples fight for the guardianship of an eight-year-old boy. The childless couple who adopted him when he was a baby; the mother who abandoned him and, since, has married a militant Communist; the father who begat him and now married to a rich woman who refuses to have a child of her own. A sordid story that has been told more than once since the last war.

It is brilliantly played by hitherto little-known actors and well-staged. *Procès de Famille* is likely to run for some time.

At last came the evening, the mildest and most starlit of this miraculous Indian summer, when we lightheartedly made our way to the Théâtre Monceau. We knew Noël Coward was going to delight us. *Felicity*, a comedy in five tableaux, we had read, felicitously, on our invitation cards. "Which play was that in London?" asked Toto Barreyre. "It was *Noblesse oblige* when it was given by the Swiss radio," answered someone. "I said 'London,'" remarked Toto. "It was *Indispensable Moxie* when I saw it in Brussels," said someone else. "I said London!" repeated Toto.

Marguerite Scialtiel came to the rescue: *Relative Values*, she murmured sweetly.

It was a very pleasant evening, for it is long since we have laughed so happily at the theatre. Mme. Huguette Duflos, whom we have not seen for ages, delighted us in the rôle of Lady Felicity (and what lovely frocks!). Christiane Delyne, as the devoted lady's maid, made us sigh that such domestic treasures no longer exist. Renée Albouy was not quite so glamorous as the movie star. The presence of Miss Rita Hayworth in the audience had been announced; but she came not. There are no boxes at the Monceau and ladies from Hollywood do not sit in stalls.

Secret de renom . . .

● The celebrity complains: "I'm sick of being asked what I'm thinking about when I'm not thinking at all!"



F. J. Goodman

COUNTESS GINEVRA BOSSI PUCCI is the wife of Count Giancarlo Bossi Pucci, only son and heir of the Contessa Serristori. The Serristoris are one of the most ancient families of Florence and still own their original country seat, Figline, which has been in the family since the twelfth century, as well as Machiavelli's country and town house, which came to them by marriage in 1630. The Count and Countess have two children

ANNA MAY WONG IN LONDON

AS the one Chinese actress to reach starring rank in America and England, Anna May Wong was familiar to between-wars cinema audiences in a succession of striking films, including *The Thief of Baghdad* with Douglas Fairbanks, Snr., *Piccadilly*, and *Shanghai Express* with Marlene Dietrich. She is now writing her autobiography, and has recently revisited London to mark the changes since she lived here, and to see old friends



Paul Tanqueray

Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

A POET'S CHRONICLE

THE WHISPERING GALLERY (Longmans; 21s.) is the first volume of the autobiography of John Lehmann. That it will command attention goes without saying. Mr. Lehmann has done as much, probably, as any critic or editor-to-day living to promote the expressive literature of our generation. Readers, no less than writers, are in his debt—where, for one thing, should we have been without *New Writing*? But, above all, we have to deal with a poet. It is this gift which permits Mr. Lehmann to see his age in a brilliant imaginative light, and which adds to *The Whispering Gallery*—notable as a chronicle in itself—the inimitable quality of vision.

To live life is one thing, to behold it while living it another. The author had, it is true, a propitious childhood, and more: a heritage of energy and good faith. "When I try," he tells us, "to remember where my

education in poetry began, the first image that comes to mind is of my father's library at our old family home of Fieldhead, on the Thames.

His father was the famous "Rudie" Lehmann—great rowing man, master of light verse and the unforgettable "R.C.L." of *Punch*. Of the four children raised in the friendly, book-filled house with the enchanted garden, John was the youngest, and only boy. His sister Rosamond has, one feels, transmuted much of the atmosphere of Fieldhead into her lyrical novel *Dusty Answer*; while Beatrix has no less carried that glow of family inspiration on to the English stage. The Lehmann children, happily endowed, grew up with an instinctive desire to be and do something.

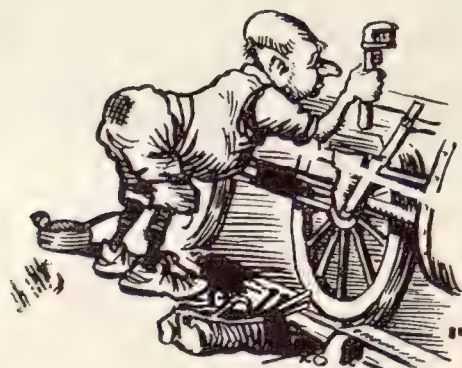
THIS desire, or urge, has accompanied the author of *The Whispering Gallery* into middle life; and, better still, has found fulfilment. Eton, where among his contemporaries were a number of other future writers, was to be followed for Mr. Lehmann by Cambridge, with its ever-widening horizons. After that Bloomsbury, then at the height of its cultural, civilised-social brilliance, and the friendship and working association with Virginia and Leonard Woolf—whose Hogarth Press opened up for the young man the creative possibilities of publishing.

Not only the genius of England but the

genius of Europe required focus. Child in the last days of the golden pre-1914 era, John Lehmann is stayed by an innate confidence—that the world, given the powers we bring to it, need not necessarily be headed for disaster, that the light need not necessarily go out. He himself has done much to keep lights burning.

LIVING, and editing *New Writing*, in Vienna, Mr. Lehmann made contacts nothing has broken. To his friendships with our own English poets, W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis and Stephen Spender, and the novelist Christopher Isherwood, were added those with writers of other countries. Loving Vienna, the tragedy of the Anschluss was to hit him like a personal blow. He gives us a unique inside picture of the literary-political 1930's: *The Whispering Gallery* ends on the eve of war.

Not the least powerful, and admirable, thing about this book is its design: at the



"SNURT" (left) and "A miner" (right) are characters in *The Forest of Boland Light Railway*, by "BB" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.), a delightful account for children of a transport enterprise run by gnomes, and the efforts (luckily thwarted) of a malicious leprechaun to destroy it



close, Mr. Lehmann reverts to the theme of home—though, this time, home in another sense. To arrive at understanding oneself, as Mr. Lehmann wished to do and has done, involves an understanding of others: penetrating are the portraits in this book.

★ ★ ★

A NOVEL likely to claim attention by offering an obvious parallel with the Burgess and Maclean case is *THE ENORMOUS SHADOW*, by Robert Harling (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). Our narrator-hero, a journalist, Washington correspondent of a big English newspaper, is abruptly recalled home, and set to work on a series of provocative articles. He is to spotlight a number of young M.P.s on both sides of the House, in a "We Shall be Fearing More of These Men" manner. His not to question why. Handed the list, he tackles the nominees one by one. His piece on James Matthew Chance draws an interesting anonymous letter. "Ask your precious Mr. Chance about Professor Lewis."

What does this portend? *Who's Who* reveals that there are literally fourteen Professor Lewis's; and all, upon investigation, are found by some peculiar coincidence to be abroad. Stalemate—until the newspaper office is entered by a determined and wise young woman, Julia, wife of one of the fourteen. Her husband, she says with appalling simplicity, has become a spy. He is a mathematician employed at Harwell, and apparently it was an evil day when his path crossed that of Mr. Chance.

JAMES MATTHEW CHANCE, as suspect, cannot but seem to the reader a sitting duck. He has blue-black hair, thin lips (inclined to "a faintly self-mocking smile") and a scar over one eye. He is Welsh. A Socialist, and by claim a Man of the People, he lives luxuriously in Chester Square, in an interior carrying much of a million, with a shadowy-eyed rich American wife whose ultra-quiet manner denotes fanaticism. As for the fourteenth Professor Lewis—after all contacted with little trouble at London Airport—his danger-signals stand out a mile. He looks around him with a frowning intensity; his eyes are deepset and his face as gaunt as an El Greco.

That two such obvious villains could be the villains appeared to one reader (myself) impossible. It seemed unlikely that Mr. Harling should not have something else up his sleeve. But the main surprise of *The Enormous Shadow* is that it contains almost no surprises. Why the publishers call it "a psychological thriller" I can't think. Thrillers need not necessarily be streamlined; but I still feel they should not fall too far short of the classic high standard set, years ago, when John Buchan wrote *The Thirty-nine Steps* and *The Powerhouse*, or Erskine Childers *The Riddle of the Sands*.

I MAY, however, be approaching *The Enormous Shadow* from the wrong angle. In its leisurely, detailed way this book is attractive. If it be Mr. Harling's aim to show how otherwise quite nice chaps can become wrong-headed, and what domestic chaos they wreak by doing so, he has succeeded.

Poor Julia Lewis's plight, and the conflict she goes through between two loyalties, will touch many hearts. The un-toughness of the newspapermen is a pleasing departure from convention; and the Tower Bridge crisis gives one a fair idea of the internal workings of Tower Bridge.



Clayton Evans

ANNE PIPER, here photographed at her riverside home in Hammersmith, is having a new novel published next Monday, *The Hot Year* (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), which takes the reader on a fascinating and eventful journey from St. John's Wood to wartime India, and is based on her own experiences there. One of her previous books, *Green for Love*, is now being made into a film. Her husband, David Piper, an authority on painting, is Assistant Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, and they have three small children



In one of the vineyards of the Côte d'Oger Harvey Nichols's beautifully tailored white poplin shirt is worn with green corduroy slacks and a royal-blue heavy-knit cardigan which hails from Scotland

A STUDENT IN THE VINEYARDS

IT seems likely that 1955 may prove one of the great vintage years, and these photographs, taken recently in the vineyards and cellars of the famous champagne house of Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, at Reims, show the harvest in full swing. Our model, wearing some of this autumn's nicest casual clothes, is photographed amongst the grape-pickers and also receiving instruction in the finer points of oenologie.

— MARIËL DEANS



This cocoa-brown wool skirt from Italy is trimmed with tan leather facings to the pockets and tan leather buttons. The grape-pickers found it *Très chic, très Cowboy*. Together with the tan poplin shirt, it comes from Harrods

This pinafore dress by Gor-ray is made in yellow and brown mixture tweed and has a long, easy-fitting body-line that finishes in a full, gored skirt. All inquiries to Gor-ray, Ltd., New Bond Street



Standing amidst champagne bottles "*sur pupitre*," she wears Fenwick's own fine grey worsted slacks with a blue and white check wool shirt. In the lower picture the blouse is covered by their most attractive loose-fitting, vivid pink Italian cardigan



She learns about sediment from one of the cellarers. The sweater is a pale blue heavy-knit, imported from Italy by Rima. This is a really warm garment—just right for wintry weather. At Fortnum and Mason



In the ancient cellars, once chalk pits quarried by the Romans, our model poses in front of an eighteenth-century wall carving. She wears a gay T-T shirt by London Pride in sulphur-yellow, cord printed with boldly painted numbers. At Simpsons of Piccadilly



Michel Mouton

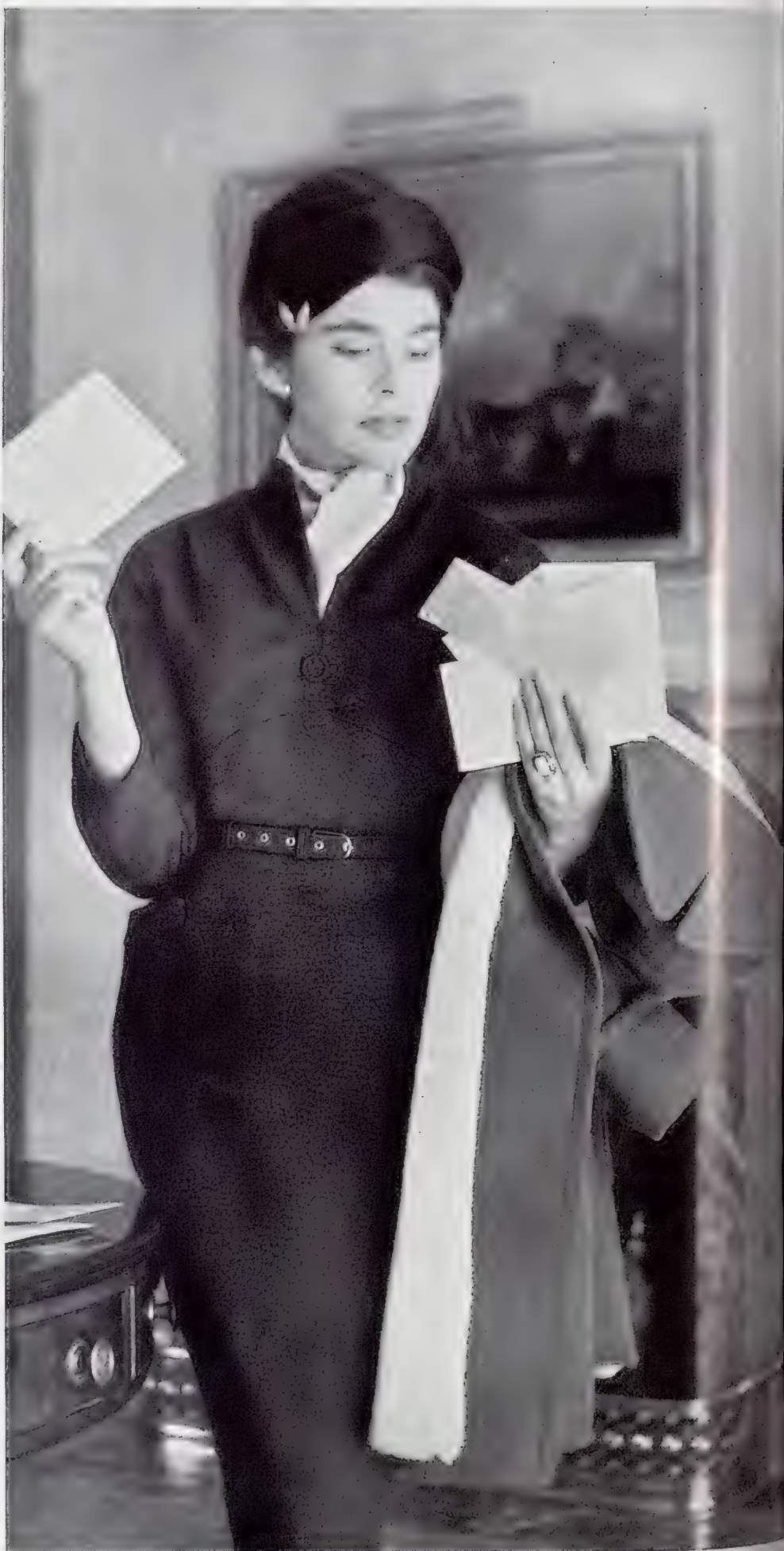
Estrava's Hood-wink sweater photographed outside the *Pressoire* at Mesnil. Made of dark green wool jersey, it has a hood-collar that looks equally good worn up or down. The narrow tartan trews, in predominantly dark green and red, are also by Estrava. D. H. Evans have the sweater, Fenwicks the trews



Armstrong Jones

UPPER CUT TO WINTER'S CHIN

THE extremely well-tailored three-quarter length coat by Bickler, shown on the opposite page, is made of a very thick duvetyn cloth that makes it faintly reminiscent of a "British Warm." Double-breasted, with large patch pockets, it is lined with a white fur fabric. In cocoa brown, wine or dark green, it costs £14 19s. 6d. and comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge, who also stock the dress and hat shown on this page. With the coat over her arm—you can see the lining in the picture on the right—our model shows the narrow-skirted wool dress chosen to wear beneath it. Made of very dark charcoal-grey Swiss jersey, this belted dress has a collarless Vee neck. It costs 12 gns. Above, close-up of the shining black melusine hat trimmed with gilded metal tips. It costs £7 19s. 6d.



Choice of the week by

Mariel Deans



A piquant contrast is given by this bowl resembling a cabbage leaf, containing a delicate trio of gardenias. Price 7s.



Above: the stately beauty of roses in an urn-shaped vase, the price of which is £2 2s.

Right: This pottery sea-shell, also priced at £2 2s., holds a riot of starry-purple gentians



A consort of flowers

IDEAS for flower arrangement can be seen in infinite variety at Fortnum and Mason's, who make a speciality of this beautiful and delicate art. Prices given refer to the containers alone, the blooms being extra, according to choice

—JEAN CLELAND



Above, right: a handled vase (£2 2s.) lends itself to a classic arrangement. Left: a fan vase, here filled with freesias, can be had for £1 15s.



Above: Bavardie overflows a pottery basket, price 6s. 6d. Below: lilies of the valley in a scalloped bowl costing 15s.



For indoor gardeners. White jardinière £3 10s. Delightful miniature tool set, £3 5s.

Dennis Smith

Beauty

Live up to your car

Jean Cleland

LISTENING to various friends who have been to the Motor Show now in progress, it occurs to me that what appeals to my sex about a car, is much the same as that which attracts a man to a woman. Namely, elegance, graceful line, polish and finish. A woman likes to be seen in a smart car, and a man likes to be seen out with a smart woman. Make no mistake though, both need living up to. The man may sometimes fall short in this respect (there is no end to what men get away with), but a woman must match up to her car, otherwise the effect is incongruous.

In the early days of motoring, this must have been a difficult business. Judging by old photographs, even a run round the park necessitated a veil over the hat, a veil over the face and goggles over the eyes. More bother I would have thought than the mild outing was worth.

Now things are very different. Just as the cars have advanced and improved out of all knowledge, so have the various beauty aids that make for tidy travel. Let us consider some of them.

Hair nowadays has no need of a cumbersome veil tied under the chin. It can be kept beautifully in place with one of the lacquers that, sprayed over the head, prevent any stray ends from escaping, and act as an unseen veil. Most hairdressers will spray this on after the

hair has been set, if desired, or there are several excellent makes to be had for use at home. One I very much like is Raymond's Hair Lacquer, with a special perfume, which gives out a delightful and refreshing fragrance.

A veil over the face, too, can be dispensed with, as with the right preparations the complexion can be kept smooth, and matt for many hours on end. The secret, of course, is a good foundation. Unless your skin is *extra* dry, I would suggest a liquid one as being the most long-lasting.

Most of the well-known beauticians make excellent foundations of this kind, and Charles of the Ritz has one called "Liquid Veil," which seems very apt for the motorist. If you are travelling to some place where you are likely to encounter cold winds, then it would be wise to choose a foundation that protects the skin as well as keeping it matt. A very good one for this purpose is Helena Rubinstein's "Town And Country Foundation."

Eyes, in these modern days, can be protected in a more convenient way than by wearing unbecoming goggles. The most simple method of all is by way of the comparatively new "Optone" drops, which can easily be carried in the handbag. All you have to do is to unscrew the top and give a gentle squeeze to the bottle. A drop or two in each eye at the beginning and end of a journey, are sufficient to refresh the eyes, and relieve them of strain.

As regards make-up, this has one thing in common with the car; the fewer running repairs that have to be done, the better. The necessity for fussing and "re-making" can be very



largely dispensed with by a careful selection of cosmetics. Choose one of the long-lasting lipsticks, and you will find that you rarely have to re-touch your mouth. A water resisting mascara, too, is a precaution against smudging during the journey, especially if you are one of those people—like me—who cry when they laugh (if you know what I mean). The kind of rouge you use, too, makes a difference, and for long-lasting purposes I think a liquid one is the best choice. One I have tried out, and find very good, is made by Helena Rubinstein.

If you are motoring for a long distance, and think that your make-up needs a little touching up here and there, you will find that one of the powder creams (which is powder and foundation combined) is extremely useful. With this you can "re-do" your face very quickly, and retain the matt look, without disturbing the rest of the make-up.

Two small things I find invaluable when travelling are (1) a small red handkerchief to wipe away any lipstick that may come off on to the fingers, and (2) a small handbag size packet of paper tissues. These can be used for a variety of purposes, and should be in every traveller's case.

Nothing is more likely to freshen you up quickly, than a touch of eau-de-Cologne. You can carry it in frozen or crystallized form, or in a little handbag spray.

Last but not least, are the beautifully fitted cases and bags available for carrying creams and cosmetics, like those illustrated here. By keeping everything necessary for make-up and skin care, tidy and ready to hand, they enable the motorist, who is perhaps staying away for a night, to present a good face at all times.



Lancôme's new travelling bag in ivory Luxan, lined with beige moiré and covered with washable transparent acetate. Price £9 19s. 6d.



Travelling beauty case by Lancôme, in a similar scheme to the bag. It can also be had in dark blue calf-grained Fibreen. £17 17s.

Bradleys coat of natural sapphire mink.

the name

of authority

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



The thrill of ...

choosing a ring, a fine piece of jewellery or a watch is made even more of a pleasure for you at Charles Packer in Regent Street. Here you will find exquisitely made jewellery, beautiful, sparkling rings and the largest range of Rolex and Tudor watches. You will receive helpful, expert advice and will benefit, too, for with every watch the Charles Packer Personal Service includes free insurance and a guarantee for two years against everything, even accidental damage. If you are unable to call, may we send you our catalogue of Rolex watches? It is free, of course.



Two-stone crossover. From £20 to £250.



Three-stone, set in platinum and gold. From £20 to £500.



Two beautiful watches from the large collection you are invited to see at Charles Packer. People will admire the smart styling of the Rolex model with the square dial. In solid gold, £39 10s. 0d. Below it, a round Tudor watch, made by Rolex, with an exclusive solid gold "daisy-chain" bracelet, £31 15s. 0d.

Associated with Charles Packer and under the same direction are: The Northern Goldsmiths Company; The House of Dossor, Weston - super - Mare; William H. May, Nottingham.

Charles Packer

76 REGENT STREET

LONDON W1



ESTABLISHED 1787

REGent 1070

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Yevonde

Miss Annabel Janet Mayson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher F. Mayson, of Chaddlewood, Cockfosters, Hertfordshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Gordon Gow, elder son of the late Dr. A. E. Gow and of Mrs. Gow, of Robinwood Cottage, Kingston Vale, S.W.15

Miss Christine Mary Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Jones, of Boston Lodge, Boston Spa, Yorks, is engaged to Mr. Donald Knox Helm, only son of Sir Knox Helm, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., former British Ambassador to Turkey and Lady Helm, of The Old Rectory, Tewin, Hertfordshire



Pearl Freeman



Fayer

Miss Susan Danson, elder daughter of Mr. E. T. Danson and of Mrs. Godfrey Owttram, of Highmead, Tilford, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Guy Bach, only son of the late Mr. Noel Bach and of Mrs. Bach, of Furze Hills, Churt, near Farnham, Surrey

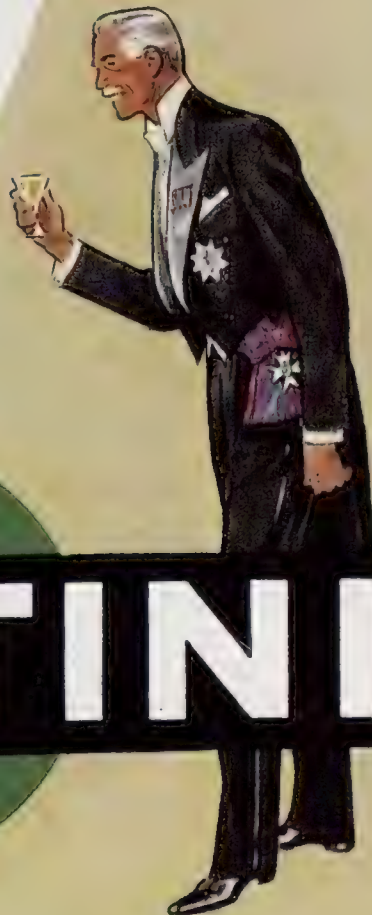
The Hon. Pamela Susan McCorquodale, elder daughter of Lord and Lady McCorquodale of Newton, has announced her engagement to Capt. William Frederick Eustace Forbes, The Coldstream Guards, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. Forbes, of Callendar, Falkirk, Stirlingshire



Pearl Freeman

In a 'dry martini'

better drink



MARTINI

Good Mixers

make it this way

- Two-thirds Martini Dry
- One-third Gin.
- Stir well with ice.
- Strain and serve with olive in glass.

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



MARKET PLACE, WIGAN: by William Little

What Lancashire thinks today...

LANCASHIRE, although world-acknowledged county of cotton, is one of mixed industries—of coal and chemicals, glass and soap, steel, machinery, and ships. Its great port, Liverpool, is gateway to the world; its Manchester a seat of big business and true learning—and home of the Hallé Orchestra.

Lancashire folk, though schooled in materialism, are keen critics and lovers of music and the arts. Always, too, they have formed a brave front for the people's rights—as at shameful Peterloo.

Lancastrians have keen minds and powers of perception—'What Lancashire thinks today England will think tomorrow'. They are quick to judge true worth. No wonder the little red Brooke Bond vans

are kept so busy in this great Northern county. Two Brooke Bond factories are situated within its bounds.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

 good tea - and FRESH!

Gather 'Wild Flowers'...

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.



THEY WERE MARRIED

Manningham-Buller—Stockwell. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. John M. Manningham-Buller, Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C., M.P., the Attorney-General, and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, married Miss Gillian E. Stockwell, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. George Stockwell, of White Lodge, Alresford, Hampshire



Lees—Pickett. Mr. Peter Charles Stuart Lees, younger son of the late Mr. R. Stewart Lees and Mrs. Lees, of Richmond, Surrey, married Miss Sally Anne Pickett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald J. Pickett, of Harley Street, W.1, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Findlay—Houison Craufurd. Mr. Neil James Findlay, youngest son of Cdr. and Mrs. J. B. Findlay, of Carnell, Hurlford, Ayrshire, married Miss Barbara J. Houison Craufurd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Houison Craufurd, of Craufurdland, Sedgebrook Grange, Northants, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Buchanan—Clifton-Brown. Mr. Patrick Bury Buchanan, elder son of Col. and Mrs. E. P. Buchanan, of Touch, by Stirling, married at St. James's, Piccadilly, Miss Margaret W. Clifton-Brown, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. B. Clifton-Brown, of Flempton House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk



SAGGING FACIAL CONTOURS 'LIFTED'—24 HOURS-A-DAY!

"You can postpone the ageing, dragging down of contours. Let my Contour-Lift Film work for you *all* the time—24 hours a day. This unique fluid 'lifts', tones and tightens your facial contours... gives drooping skin an 'invisible' beauty lift. You look years younger!

Once you start using this amazing preparation, you'll immediately notice a startling difference! Sagging chin lines seem to vanish. Flabbiness becomes taut.

Expression lines begin to fade. That tired look disappears completely. Your skin glows with a new firm freshness. You're more beautiful than you dreamed possible."

BY DAY under make-up Contour-Lift Film tones and tightens your skin. Age-revealing wrinkles disappear. Crépiness smooths out. You acquire a new way of looking years younger.

AT NIGHT. Contour-Lift Film tightens flabbiness, 'lifts' the sagging chin line, banishes under-eye puffiness. Overnight your contours are firmed and 'lifted'. It's the only cosmetic of its kind to give you a 24-hour-a-day beauty 'lift.' Contour-Lift Film 30/-.

RENEW AGEING SKIN TISSUES. Now, to replace the loss of vital estrogens in your skin, mould Hormone Night Cream into face and neck each evening. Stolen oils and moisture will be replenished while you sleep. This rich emollient cream, with precious vitamins and hormones, will give you a youthfully fresh, glowing complexion and a firm, smooth throat. Hormone Night Cream 36/-.



Helena Rubinstein

3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1. PARIS, NEW YORK

Yes —
INDIA

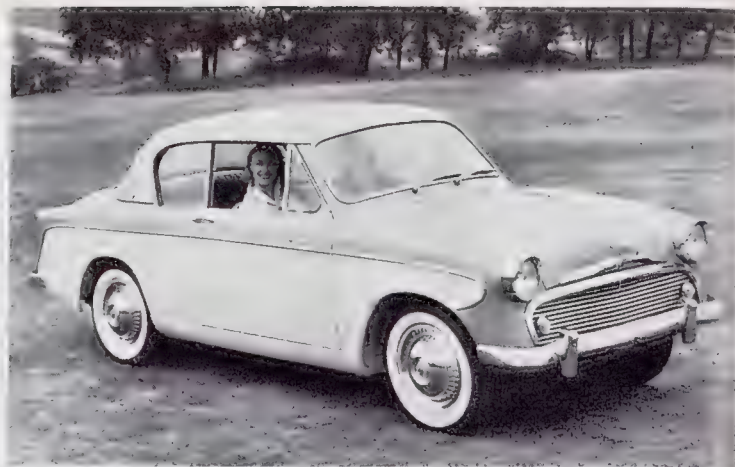
make
Tubeless

but with this ★
 important plus



★ In a tubeless tyre the strength and reliability of the tread and sidewall are more important than ever. It is good to remember that in a tubeless tyre made by INDIA (in addition to its obvious advantages) you do know the quality is there — to give you that extra security on the road.

INDIA make both Regular and Tubeless tyres — each the same high quality.



THE SUNBEAM RAPIER: the export model with left hand drive. This smart two-door saloon developing a top speed of around 90 m.p.h., has an overdrive as a standard fitting

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THE LONG LOOK AHEAD

A DISTINGUISHED industrialist said the other day that we wanted "production and not prediction." This is a statement for which grammarians have an exceedingly long and complicated name. It is an instance not so much of putting the cart before the horse, but of failing to bring the cart and the horse together. Production is an arid futility without prediction; and production only acquires value and interest in the measure in which prediction has been correct.

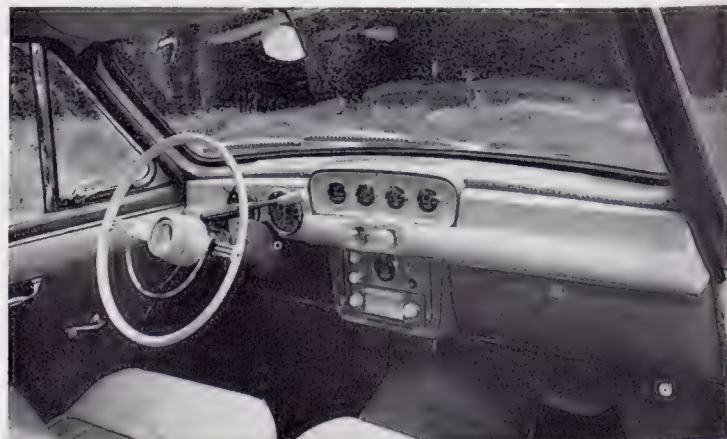
This point came home to me forcibly when I was inspecting the new Sunbeam cars at Devonshire House just before the Motor Show opened. The Mk 3 saloon is a development in whose success the predictions of many years ago play their part; but the new Sunbeam Rapier is a model which will test much more recent predictions.

It is a two-door saloon with completely new body line for Sunbeam and it has the four-cylinder overhead valve engine.

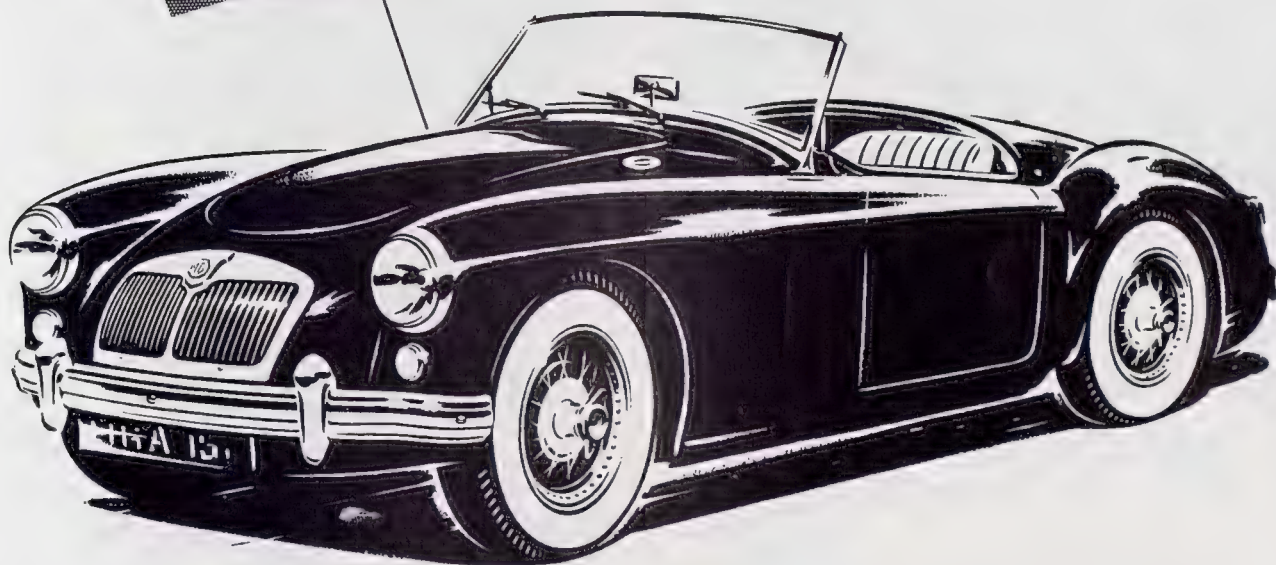
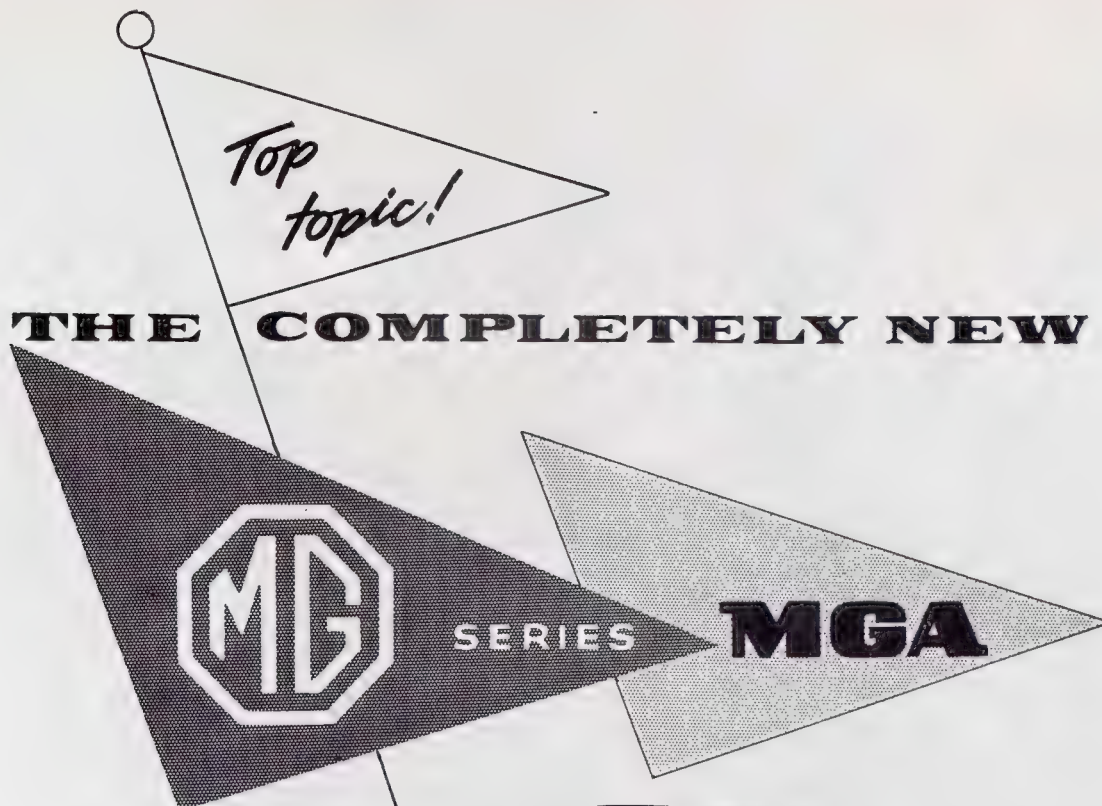
THOSE who have ever owned a Sunbeam develop that curious loyalty to the car which is hurt by any large change in external appearance. The Sunbeam Rapier does represent a large change, but it is a change designed to meet the conditions of a separate market. It must be looked upon, therefore, independently. I am not an enthusiast for the kind of taste it expresses, but it is a taste which is to be found strongly developed in many of the main markets for British goods. In this it is safe to back the judgment of Sir William Rootes and his staffs.

The Rootes family, in fact, sets an example of direct interest. At the time of the Paris Salon some of the British stands looked forlorn and deserted. The attendants were there, but they were presumably provided by the European agencies and retailers and not by the originating companies. On the Rootes' stand, on the other hand, Sir William Rootes himself and his brother were to be found from the preview day onwards.

[Continued on page 262]

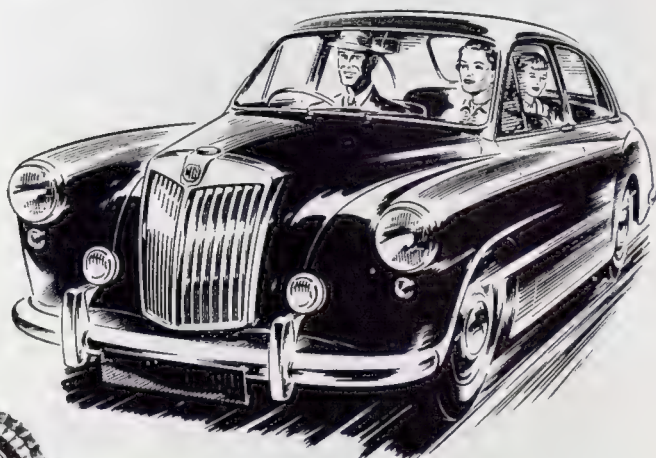


QUALITY FINISH: the neat and modern layout of the fascia panel exemplifies the luxury of the interior fittings of the Sunbeam Rapier



True to tradition the 1500 cc. Series M.G.A. is a really fast car, but with the accent firmly on safety. Its sturdier chassis construction and new suspension techniques were tried and tested in George Eyston's record-holding M.G. Special.

Faster acceleration is matched by more powerful braking. Precision steering and rock-firm road-holding make cornering easier, and therefore safer. See it—you'll want to drive it. Drive it, you'll want to own it. It's at the Motor Show now.



1½ LITRE  MAGNETTE

Sports car vitality, saloon car comfort—with elegance and luxury throughout. This is the car for the sportsman who is also a family man. See it on the M.G. Stand at Earls Court.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Oh what a
beautiful day!



The valley of a thousand hills inland from Durban is one of Natal's most majestic spectacles.

That's what they'll be saying in South Africa today, tomorrow and every day—at least the visitors will. South Africans are used to sunshine. It is a part of their daily life.

Why not join them for a spell in this lovely country? The mode of life, the comfort, the food is pretty much the same as at home. The contrast is in the new unusual things you can do and see—the exciting game reserves, the mines, the fashionable coast resorts: the amazing scenery and a host of other enthralling pursuits.

A visit to South Africa is more than a holiday—it's an unforgettable experience.

VISIT
South Africa

SATOUR



Write to this office for free and friendly advice about holidays in South Africa, or consult your travel agent.

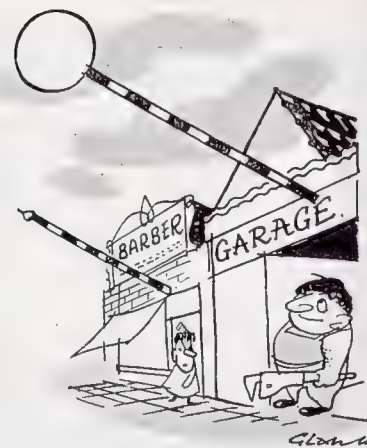
SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION

70 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: Grosvenor 6235. 475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, 17

Motoring

(Continuing from page 260)

The long look ahead



It showed that the heads of this group maintain a continuous and direct touch with events.

One more point about the Sunbeam is that overdrive is fitted to the Rapier as a standard and works on third and top gears. For the Mk 3 saloon, overdrive is an optional extra. The price of the Rapier is £695 and the purchase tax on it is a little over £290. The price of the Mk 3 Sports saloon is £835, purchase tax being £349.

THE new Citroën car had the power of stimulating almost as much conversation at our own Motor Show as at the one in France. It directs attention to the value of radical engineering innovations but as Dr. Llewellyn Smith pointed out at a S.M.M.T. conference Citroën's last major technical innovation (presumably he was thinking of higher-powered cars than the 2 CV) was twenty-one years ago. The real feature of the DS 19 which places it in a class apart is its degree of integration. It is one thing to fit an automatic transmission to an ordinary car and then to add power-assisted steering and servo-assisted brakes, but it is quite another thing to bring all these items together to add to them a revolutionary and remarkable system of suspension and then to knead these components together so that they form a single indivisible motor car. This is the achievement of Citroën.

It has become clear for some time that we must have hydraulic power. It is particularly important in a front drive machine to have assisted steering, and assisted steering demands hydraulic power. Braking can be stepped up by various kinds of servo, but clearly if hydraulic power is used the same pump will supply both. In the same way, the automatic transmission can employ hydraulic power for clutch operation and gear changing or it can employ electrical power or some form of mechanical power, but if the hydraulic pump is there nothing else is needed.

The DS 19 has taken a leaf out of the aircraft book and started with a source of hydraulic power driven by the engine. The question now is, how will the car work; but there is no reason why it should not prove satisfactory in the hands of ordinary owners and it is to be hoped that it may stimulate some British designers to give us, at a future date, rather more radical solutions to the problems of designing a modern car than they have done up to the present.

AFTER the Show, thoughts must turn, unfortunately, to snow and ice; to keeping the cooling liquid from freezing and to meeting those emergency conditions which winter sometimes imposes. At another pre-show party a new kind of device for giving wheel grip in snow was shown. It is known as the Toledo Woodhead snow-shoe, and it appears, on the face of it, to be a most ingenious invention. The trouble with most existing devices for giving a grip on snow is that they are difficult and messy to fit. The Toledo Woodhead snow-shoes are spring clips of sufficient weight and dimensions to grasp the walls of the tyre firmly and also to offer a check on wheel spin. The shoes are fitted, therefore, by placing one behind each rear wheel and backing on to them. They then fit themselves.

Many new cars still remain to be discussed, among them the new Daimler. I shall return to it for a full report later. The five-six seater 3½ litre cars have now been stepped up in performance and a genuine 100 miles an hour is claimed. The gears have, of course, the famous fluid transmission and preselector control, and there is automatic chassis lubrication. I notice that Daimler is among the firms that have decided to fit tubeless tyres as standard.



*"Three Castles"
cost a little more...*



TC 3 A



*The Spirit of
Sportsmanship*



Quality Tells'



MONSIEUR ALBAN,
Chef de Cuisine of
the Savoy Grill,
originally worked
and trained under
the great Escoffier

DINING OUT

In the days of high cycling

TRAVELLERS are for ever giving high praise to the *Michelin Guide*, which it certainly deserves, and bemoan the fact that there is no equivalent in England, which there is *not*.

It is, however, with very great interest that I have received a Guide recommending over one thousand hotels and inns in the British Isles, Europe and America, with a list of repairers in each town mentioned, compiled and published by E. R. Shipton, editor of the *Monthly Gazette*, at 139 Fleet Street, London, E.C., for the Cyclists' Touring Club in June, 1883.

This I received through the post from a Mr. William Holsman, who lives in Raynes Park, with a card saying: "I think this may be of interest to you." It is indeed and I am extremely grateful for such a remarkable present.

It opens with a copy of the Hotel Agreement Form which each hotel or inn in the book had signed. This gives the tariff they undertook to supply, with the prices available, to any member of the club who produced a valid ticket of membership. Here it is for England:

BREAKFAST	Of ham and eggs, chops, steak, cold joint, or fish; tea, coffee, chocolate or cocoa	1s. 9d.
OR TEA		
LUNCHEON	Of cold meat and salad	2s. 0d.
DINNER	From bill of fare (sweets included)	2s. 6d.
SUPPER	Cold meat and salad	1s. 9d.
BED	Single-bedded room	2s. 0d.
	Double-bedded room	3s. 6d.
ATTENDANCE	Chambermaid's fee, per night	6d.
	Boots	3d.
	Waiter's, per meal	3d.
Stabling or warehousing of Bicycles, Tricycles, or Cycles of any kind being provided by the Hotel Proprietor, free of cost.		
Scotland is much the same.		
France is as follows:		
DEJEUNER	Café au lait, thé ou chocolat, avec pain et beurre	1 fr.
	Table d'Hôte (vin ou cidre compris)	2.50 fr.
DINER	Table d'Hôte (vin ou cidre compris)	3 fr.
CHAMBRE	Par personne et par nuit	2 fr.
SERVICE	Garçon (par jour et par personne)	.25 fr.
	Femme de chambre (par nuit et par personne)	.50 fr.

with a note to say: "It will be observed that these figures are a reduction on the English ones." In America, there was no special tariff, but a twenty per cent reduction on their ordinary prices.

RULE 66 is also of interest: "The Uniform of the Club shall be jacket, breeches or knickerbockers, polo cap, helmet, wideawake or deerstalker, all of the grey cloth specially retained for the use of the Club; dark grey handknit stockings, and grey flannel shirt. No braiding, epaulettes or trimmings shall, under any circumstances, be permissible upon the uniform." The result must have been a sort of "Symphony in Grey!"

I spent a considerable time reading through the Guide to England and here are a few of the hotels which supplied a room for 2s., a feast for 1s. 9d., and a chambermaid for 6d.: the Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon; the East Arms at Hurley; the White Lion at Coghnam; the Spread Eagle at Midhurst; the Dog and Fox at Wimbledon; the Royal Anchor at Liphook; the Star and Garter at Windsor and the Norfolk Arms in Arundel. In other words, dinner, bed and breakfast with service round about 7s. and don't forget both breakfast and dinner included such things as ham, eggs and chops and steaks.

I telephoned my friends at the Anchor at Liphook to see what the cost would be in this year of grace, 1955, and they explained that on the same scale you would be lucky if you got out at round about £2 10s.

I cannot help being dumbfounded to find a Guide to over one thousand hotels in Europe and America prepared in 1883 for the benefit of people touring on a bicycle. I doff my deerstalker to such terrific enterprise.

-I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Steaming from the pot

OF all the autumn-winter dishes, those that come out of casseroles are the most satisfactory from every point of view. Food will wait, without deteriorating, for those who come home late and, because it is cooked and served in the same dish, it remains hot for a longer period. Since a whole course can be cooked in a casserole, more than one serving-dish is saved.

Those lovely colourful iron casseroles, covered inside with everlastingly hard enamel in glorious tones, and with good "ears" for handling—reminiscent of our grandparents' iron pots, but so much more attractive—are the most practical, because they are equally at home in the oven or over the hottest electric hot plate or gas flame, without any resulting damage.

Goulash, given to me by a Hungarian chef, is a wonderful party dish for the hungry young.

Start by melting 1 oz. lard in the iron casserole or any other stout saucepan. In it, very slowly cook $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. thinly sliced Spanish onions, stirring them from time to time until they are translucent but not coloured. Work in a tablespoon of paprika very thoroughly, taking care not to allow it to catch. For 4 to 5 people, add 1 to 1½ lb. stewing steak, top side or leg beef, cut into fair-sized squares, and stir them around and around over medium heat until all the pieces are coated with the paprika.

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground caraway-seeds (ground in your pepper mill), 1 chopped clove of garlic, 2 chopped large tomatoes (without skinning or de-seeding them) and 2 quartered sweet green peppers. Do not add any water, as the contents make their own liquid. Cover and cook gently for 1 hour, then add salt to taste. Cover again and simmer on top of the cooker or in a very slow oven (325 deg. F. or gas Mark 2) until the meat is cooked. Stewing steak should be ready in 2 to 2½ hours, but leg beef will require 4.

WITH this Hungarian Goulash, which, warmed up, is almost better on the second day, serve Tarhonya—browned and dried pellets of dough—slightly larger than grains of rice—obtainable, as far as I know, in only one shop in Soho (1s. a pound).

Fry a teacup of Tarhonya in a tablespoon of lard, stirring or shaking the pan so that every piece is coated with the fat. Add 4 teacups water and seasoning to taste. Cover and cook very gently. When all the liquid has been absorbed slip the Tarhonya into a very slow oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

Another dream of a dish is Beef Burgundy. Use 1 to 1½ lb. lean stewing steak or top side, cut into fair-sized squares. Fry them all over in an ounce or so of butter or beef fat. Sprinkle with a tablespoon of flour and brown together. Add a finely chopped clove of garlic and a bouquet garni, then cover with *vin ordinaire* (red) and water in equal parts. Cook, covered, for 1 hour, then season with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste.

Meanwhile, dice and fry together 2 oz. lean pickled port and a dozen small onions. Transfer them, minus fat, to the beef. Add a dessertspoon tomato purée, if you like. Cover again and simmer for 3 hours on top of the cooker or in a very slow oven. Spoon off any floating fat and serve.

My own favourite Ragout of Lamb is made this way: In the iron casserole or stout saucepan, fry on both sides 6 to 8 neck chops, freed of most of the fat. Remove the meat and pour off most of the fat. Fry 2 chopped Spanish onions to a pale gold. Work in a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée. Add a chopped large clove of garlic, a bay leaf, the browned chops and water almost to come through. Season to taste.

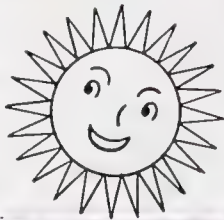
At this point, I open my kitchen window and, from the boxes on the sill, pinch off a sprig each of thyme, basil and savory and a couple of tops of lovage (strong flavour of celery) and add them. Cover tightly and simmer for 2 hours. During the last hour, add small whole potatoes. Ten minutes before the end of cooking, add a dessertspoon of cornflour blended in a little cold water.

Further good additions to this ragout are small whole unpeeled mushrooms.

-Helen Burke



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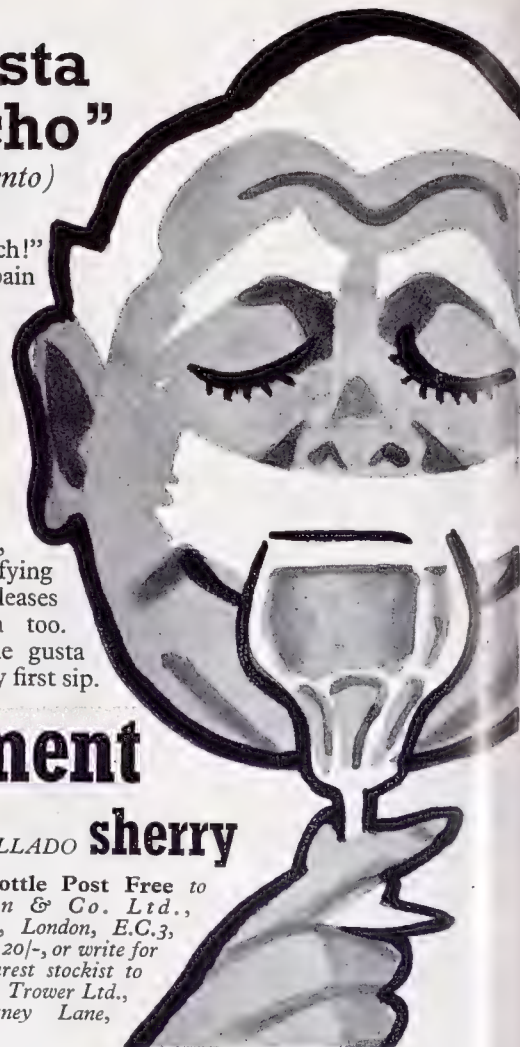
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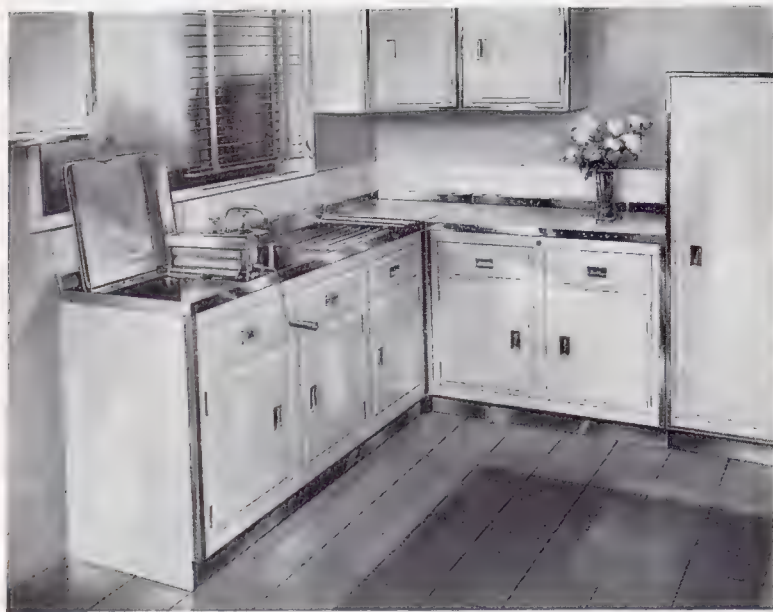
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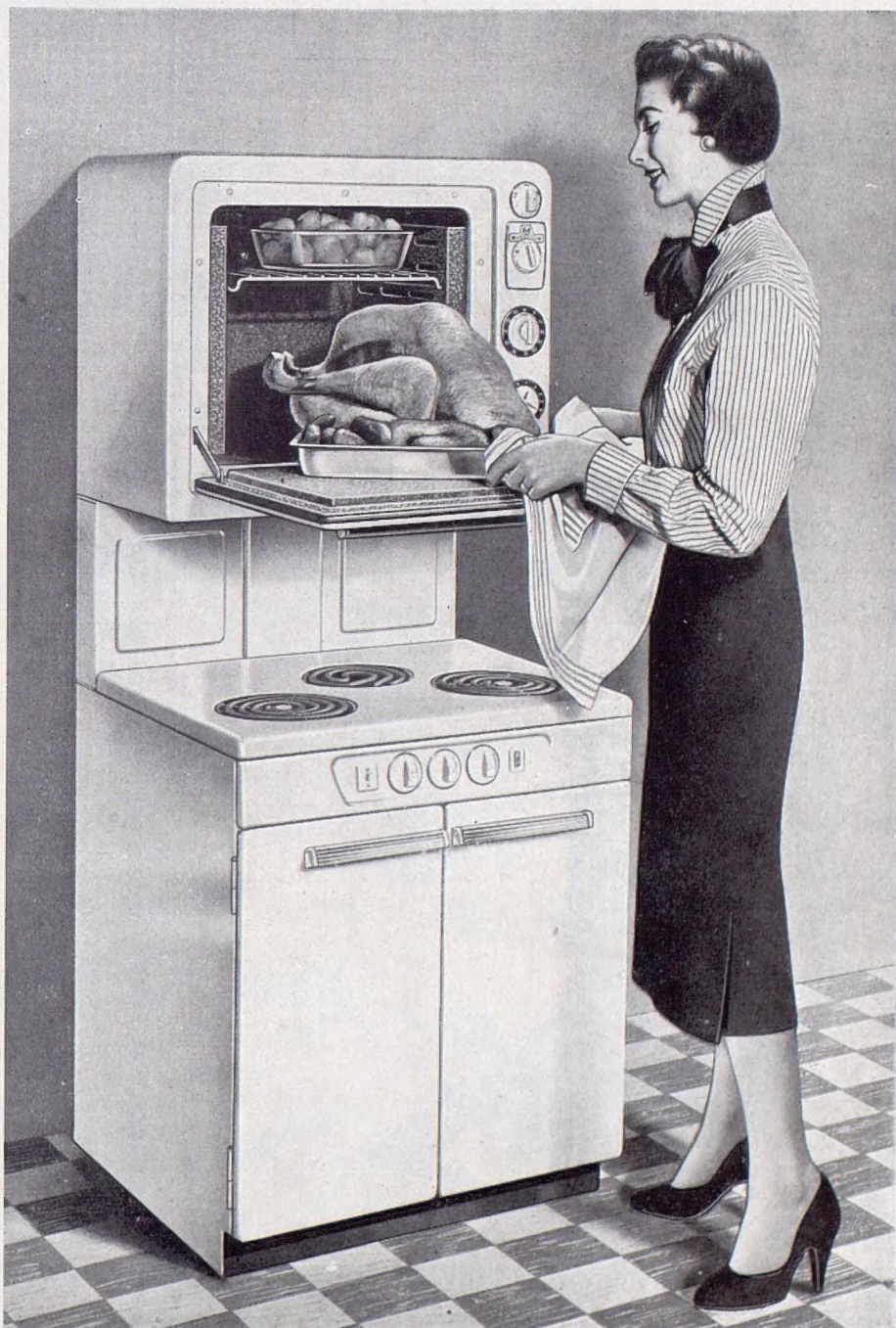
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